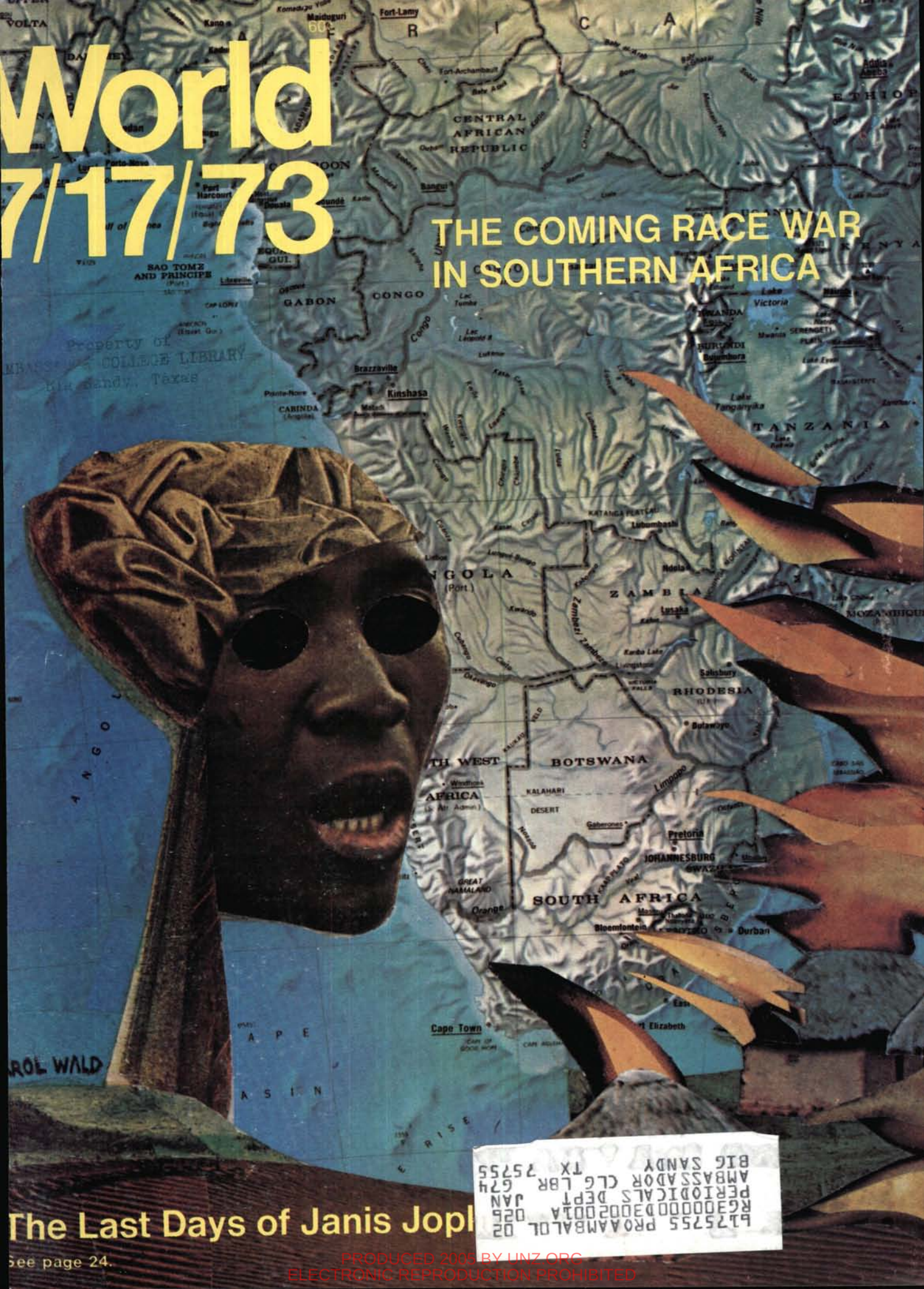
World

7/17/73

THE COMING RACE WAR IN SOUTHERN AFRICA



The Last Days of Janis Jopl

See page 24.

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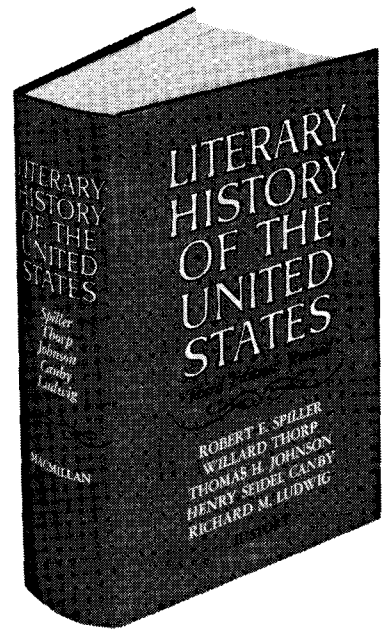

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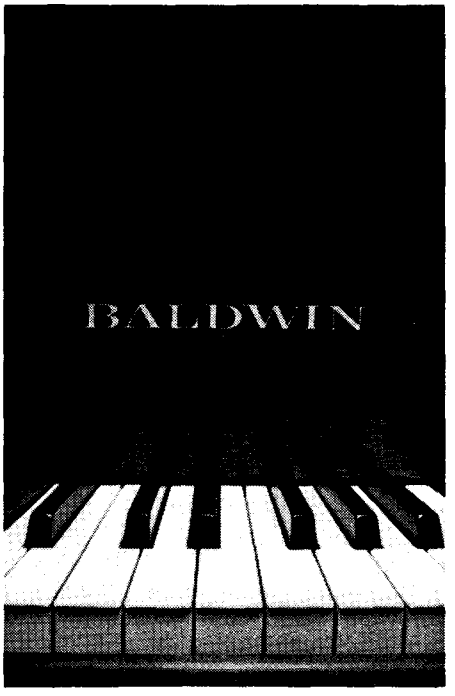

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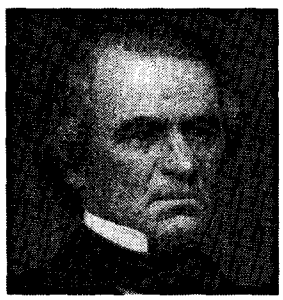

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World Progress Report

Virtue Rewarded

Ever since man first drew breath after he had set fire to tobacco, non-smokers have suffered a long list of offenses and indignities because of the heedless slaves of the noxious narcotic weed. Now, at least the beginnings of help are at hand, offering non-smokers some promise of relief—even vindication. One breakthrough has come in a decision by the Marriott Motel Chain to designate special smoke-free floors in three of its Washington, D.C., hostelries. Ashtrays and matches have been removed from the rooms, and curtains, rugs, and bedding have been thoroughly cleaned to eliminate any lingering tobacco odors. The halls are posted: "Cigarette, cigar, and pipe smoking are not permitted." Even hotel personnel are forbidden to smoke on the special floors. The intention is to make sure nothing remains that would offend even the most sensitive tobaccophobe or that would tempt those seeking sanctuary in the smokeless precincts while they try to kick the habit.

According to an official of the motel chain, if the experiment proves popular, it will be extended to Marriott's twenty-seven other locations around the United States. If that happens, non-smoking travelers will breathe as freely at their destinations as they already do in the no-smoking sections recently established on commercial airliners.

Meanwhile, non-smokers in the state of Iowa stand to profit from their abstinence financially as well as physiologically. The Iowa insurance department has authorized the Farmers Insurance Company to reduce automobile insurance rates for customers who have not smoked for two years or more. Under the new regulation, tobacco-free drivers qualify for rate reductions of as much as $50 on typical coverage costing $160.

The reduced automobile insurance rates follow reduced life insurance rates that Farmers instituted eight years ago for people who did not smoke cigarettes. Both reductions were prompted by studies conducted at Columbia University. Among the results was a striking correlation between smoking and automobile accidents, along with a strong association between smoking and premature death. Analysis of the driving records of comparable policyholders revealed that the smokers were almost twice as accident prone.

Sons of EPA

Both Israel and the Soviet Union have established new government departments responsible for pollution control, following a course pioneered by the Environmental Protection Agency in the United States.

In Israel the inauguration of the Ecological Protection Service climaxes the public's sudden awakening to the environmental problems accumulated during a quarter century of single-minded agricultural, industrial, and urban development. "Industry has always been a sacred cow here—their key to the future," notes Dr. Anthony Peranio, senior lecturer in environmental engineering at Technion (Israel Institute of Technology). "Now some people are beginning to wonder whether that future will be worth living."

The new service will counsel the government on the ecological consequences of proposed development and issue an annual, national "State of the Environment" report, as well as specific "Environmental Impact Statements"—modeled after those required in the United States—as needed.

The number-one concern of the Ecological Protection Service will certainly be water. A recent study indicates that the Israelis are presently tapping 90 percent of their reserves. At this rate, within eight years, the country's growing population and industry will be dependent on annual rainfall.

Meanwhile, urban and industrial wastes and agricultural runoff sadly pollute Israel's surface waters. According to Yousef Tamir, chairman of the ecology committee in Parliament, there "is not a single river or stream in Israel that is not polluted." The Sea of Galilee, which supplies 25 percent of the nation's freshwater, suffers from an excess of nitrogen nutrients and from premature aging. Israel's Mediterranean coastal waters are polluted by an estimated 500,000 tons of oil-tanker ballast every year, much of which is wind-driven toward the beaches.

Although Israel has a new five-year, $100 million plan for recycling waste water, the magnitude of the country's water problems—along with growing difficulties with air pollution, soil degradation, and urbanization—causes her growing tribe of environmentalists to question whether such governmental measures are not too little, too late.

Hopefully, the new Ecological Protection Service will provide a continuing voice in the government for such public concern. "Once people realize that the trend can be reversed," says Dr. Peranio, "they'll start doing something about their country. They might even manage to save it."

The Soviet Union's recently announced "National Service for Monitoring and Controlling the Level of Pollution of Air, Soil, and Water" faces a ticklish problem common to both socialist and capitalist countries: balancing conflicting government concerns for economic development and environmental protection. Soviet theorists have long maintained that a centrally planned, government-managed economy would be less apt to foul its own nest than would a free-wheeling capitalist system. The government's recent environmental measures, including the establishment of the new government department, seem designed to reconcile the ecological facts of life with social theory.

ANTHONY WOLFF

"Margo Blogget, you're gorgeous."

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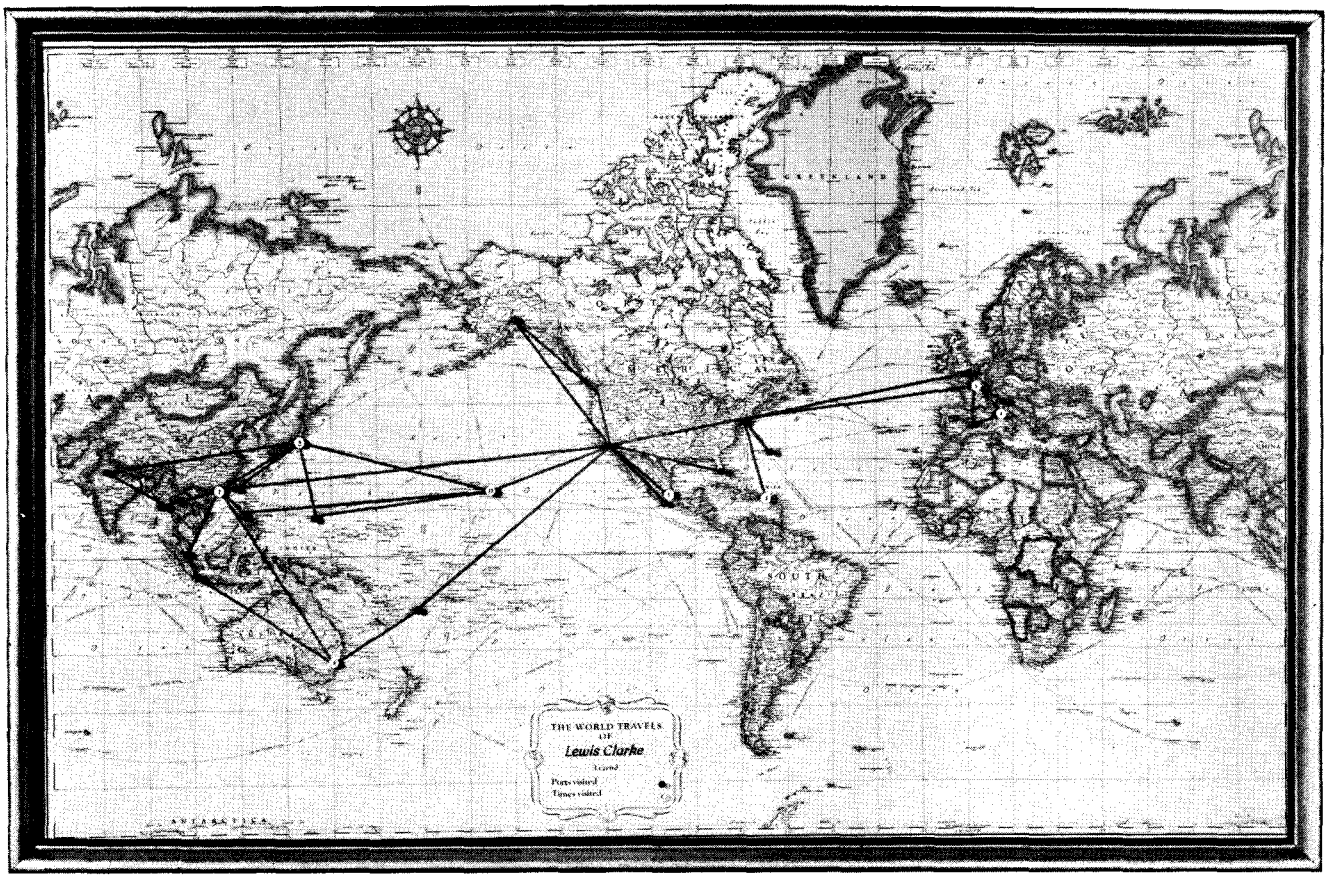

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Top of the World

by Goodman Ace

Supposing

As we reach the 197th birthday of our country, it is comforting to note that a brokerage house has been running advertisements announcing, "Merrill, Lynch Is Bullish on America." Given that hot Wall Street tip, it is easy to suppose that the President could decide to let America go public.

America would become a privately owned corporation, appearing on the ticker tape as RMN, symbol for Nixon and Company, a diversified conglomerate that manufactures everything—cars, planes, highways, cigarettes, pollution. You name it; RMN makes it.

Converting America into a private corporation doesn't take too much supposing. They did it with the Post Office. Isn't that still a viable and going business? I haven't seen any mail lately to the contrary. Haven't seen any mail lately, period.

It could happen, let us say, if the House and the Senate and other troublemakers keep getting on the President's nerves because of the way they manhandle his annual budgets, cutting his most cherished expenditures, raising his most cherished non-expenditures, and propounding on his impoundings. Picky, picky, picky.

But as President of Nixon and Company, he won't have to come running to his intransigent legislators, crying, "Alms, alms, for the poor Pentagon." America will be a one-man operation. That will be fun. That is, fun until tax time comes around and he, like the rest of us, has to wrestle with his own private 1040 long form.

So he rises early to visit a private non-trouble-making accountant, puts on one of his cheaper suits, wears an old, narrow tie, tries to look beaten, and walks into the office of an accredited tax auditor. Who else? H & R Block, of course.

"Good morning," he says. "I saw your ad on TV while I was watching 'Nanny and the Professor.' Your average price for filling out a tax form is twelve dollars?"

"Yes," replies H & R, "but after a quick glance at your form, I think we can forget that average. You've got a multi-billion-dollar business here. This will take a lot of doing."

"I don't see why. As you can see, I listed all the deductions very carefully."

"If I can't have a pterodactyl, how about an ichthyosaur?"

H & R laughs. "Oh, I see them all right. But you'll never get away with these. Just a glance at this one—'trip to China.' Was that a business trip?"

"Was it ever! We pushed aside the bamboo curtain. We opened the door to trade with ancient China. It'll be in the history books."

"Yes, they may allow it in history books, but our tax people aren't too choked up about ancient history. You have to show actual transactions. You wouldn't have an American's chance to get away with these Chinese deductions unless you can prove you make specific deals.

"Well, as a starter they sent over their Ping-Pong team to play our Ping-Pong team."

"Oh, come on," laughs H & R, "you can't play Ping-Pong with the IRS."

"Oh, picky, picky, picky," says the head of Nixon and Company. "I got the idea from your ad that you people were on the side of the taxpayer. You know—loopholes?"

"Oh, we are. And we promise to go with you to the revenue department if you're called for a reaudit. But I'd be embarrassed to palm off this kind of deduction. As for loopholes, I notice here that you're spending $80 billion on the Pentagon. Are you expecting a war?"

"Oh, no, this is the generation of peace. I'm not about to get bogged down in a—I mean, I'm not going to try to win another war with honor."

"Okay, so here's a loophole. I notice on line sixteen you've cut down on care for the elderly, day-care centers, the blind, the deaf, the mute. Now if you cut down on the Pentagon and use that money to help out those poor folks, you could write them all off as dependents. Twenty million dependents at $750 each—that's a loop the loophole."

"But if I take all that money out of the Pentagon, and suppose Russia started to bomb us, we'd need sophisticated weapons to bomb them."

"Not as long as you bomb Russia with sophisticated wheat. And this next item here—$58 million to build an extension on the west front of the White House?"

"That is correct."

"But $58 million? I read somewhere that your two daughters have been married, and you and Mrs. Nixon are living there alone now. I mean if you were building a small gazebo or a little nursery or—by the way, not getting personal, but is Mrs. Nixon expecting?"

"No, she's not."

"Too bad. If she were, we might be able to get away with maybe half of it."

"Yeah? You think you'll be able to? Tell you what. I'll be back tomorrow. Since we file a joint return, let me talk it over with the missus." □

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As I Was Saying

by John Ciardi

CATS? RATS!

Judith and I were staying at a motel. The summer arts festival in which I was being theoretically beautiful was scheduled for four weeks. It is not necessary for a poet to be beautiful: It is enough for the poem to try to be. After five days in a motel I had grown wall-to-wall ugly.

When, therefore, some old friends about to go on vacation offered us their house for three weeks in return for cat-sitting, we thought we were in luck. Our friends would leave a key with a neighbor, they would post full instructions, and they would be gone by 10:00 A.M. Monday.

We arrived to find that we did not need a key. The house door was open and ladies were running in and out. "Fire!" they shrilled. "The kitchen's afire!"

In the kitchen I found a two-foot jet of flame rising from the gas range. The grills and burners had been knocked about, and the pilot light was turned to full blast. I found the knob and trimmed the flame to wick size. The flame had heated the knob, but the blisters on the tip of my thumb and forefinger would be small. I would be able to hold bourbon in a glass.

Thumb and forefinger in my mouth, I heard someone crying, "Emergency! The gas range has exploded!" By her tone I knew she was on the phone. Like my wife, she would be holding the instrument as a matter of ritual; but in intuitive distrust of voice transmission by wire, she was shrilling across space directly to the other party. I picked up the kitchen extension, explained matters as I could, and hung up.

Half-grown cats had been monkey-leaping through the edges of my awareness since I had entered the house, various women had been moving a bit more slowly, and, in no sequence, a cat had been screaming.

One of the ladies tugged me to the utility room and pointed to a kitten dangling from the window sill, its left front leg caught between the sill and the closed window. The cat was screaming. I cupped it in my left hand to take the weight off its leg. Its claws ripped my open palm. Luckily, it was not my drinking hand. I managed to hold on while I raised the window with my right hand.

Released, the kitten fell to a sad, shrill mewing. It had cause. The window had a metal weather strip. However it had happened, the window had come down like a dull guillotine, leaving a shockingly large, though bloodless, hole where the loose fur pulled back from the cut.

The instructions posted in the kitchen included the veterinarian's number, and the woman who answered the phone told me to bring the cat over at once. "How is Scheherezade?" she asked.

"Scheherezade?" I said.

"The mother cat!"

"So far," I said, "I have seen various blurs that I think contain cats, but none has resolved itself into a mother."

"That's a champion Siamese, and she's in heat! If she's in the house, she's yowling like a leopard!"

"Then she must be outdoors cooling off," I said. "Everything else here is akimbo, ajar, and askew. I'll bring the kitten over."

"Find Scheherezade!" the voice said.

Since I didn't know the way to the vet's place, one of the ladies volunteered to take the kitten. Judith, bless her, eased out the rest of them. I went back to the kichen to put the burners and grills in order, and found two kittens curled around the pilot light in the space between the cooking surface and the oven.

THAT WAS one riddle solved. They had crawled in for warmth, and one of them must have clawed open the knob of the pilot light. Then, panicked by the flame, they had bucked, scattering the grills and burners.

At that point in whatever was happening, the chubby little boy who used to advertise Campbell's soups walked in carrying a hamper. The hamper yowled like a leopard. "Bad, bad Shezad," the boy said. "She jumped out the window."

"The utility room window?"

"No," he said, "laundry room. Mommy caught her in the basket."

He raised the lid and Scheherezade leaped out to add prowl to yowl. I could have felt like Tarzan in his tree house, but the boy had given me a clue, and I decided to feel like Sherlock Holmes.

The utility-room screen was wooden, hinged at the top, and fitted at the bottom with a hook that fitted into a screw-eye in the sill. The hook was not in the screw eye. I inserted it and found it was a loose fit. I gave it a flick, and the hook fell out of the eye. With a broom handle, I pushed the screen out and let it fall back. When the screen hit the window frame, the window slid down with a bang.

Was bad, bad Shezad witch enough to pick locks? I knew, as sure as voodoo, that she had, that she had jumped out, and that her kitten had jumped after her just in time to be caught in that suburban guillotine. When all else is impossible, Watson, the merely unlikely is certain. Doubly so when the cat is a Siamese.

I thanked the boy, let him out, and looked at my watch. We had been in the house about eight minutes. I got whiskey from the car, fixed two drinks, and gave one to Judith.

"I am not staying," she said.

"I couldn't ask you to," I said, "but I must. May I have visiting privileges?"

We had just finished the drinks when the lady from Neighborhood Mercy got back with an injected, bandaged, and still-mewing kitten. "Poor thing," Judith said, cuddling it. She had, I knew, decided to stay. Pity is the trap. Not all of the trap had been sprung. I had seen a cardboard box in the utility room and went to get it to make a sick bed for the kitten. The utility room floor was about six inches below kitchen level. I found it at least three inches under water, awash with kitty litter. By stepping on a pile of newspapers (that slipped and almost threw me into the mess), I could just reach to open the back door and let out the flood.

The water was coming from the washing machine, an old-fashioned front-loader with the controls in a little recess on top. The recess also contained three kittens. The small fiends had managed to claw the controls to On, and the water had poured out the open door.

I shut the thing off, inverted a tin bucket over the controls, swept the place out, and locked the cats in, all but the injured one.

Or I thought I had. But when I sat on an easy chair, the springs screamed beyond the range of metal, and there was another one. I got it by the scruff, tossed it into the lockup with the other felons, and sat down again. The injured kitten mewed on Judith's lap.

Mewing must be cat therapy. In three days the would-be cripple was moving easily; in four, ceaselessly. In five it had become a high-velocity nuisance, and I tossed it in with the other convicts, visiting only to deliver the daily ration of fish filets taken from the freezer the night before. Let them live well so long as they didn't live with me. Some Siamese cats may be domestic animals: These had been crossed with a pack of rancid baboons.

Once Mama got over her heat, however, things quieted to pandemonium, and I began to let them out. It was, after all, their house: Who had a better right to shred the upholstery and curtains? I owed our old friends at least that much consideration. □

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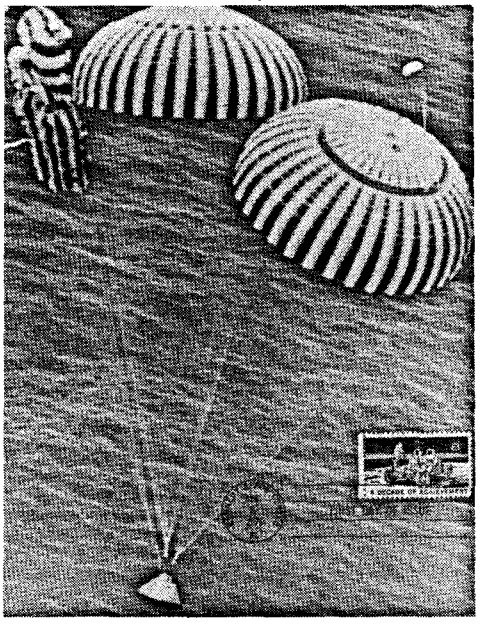

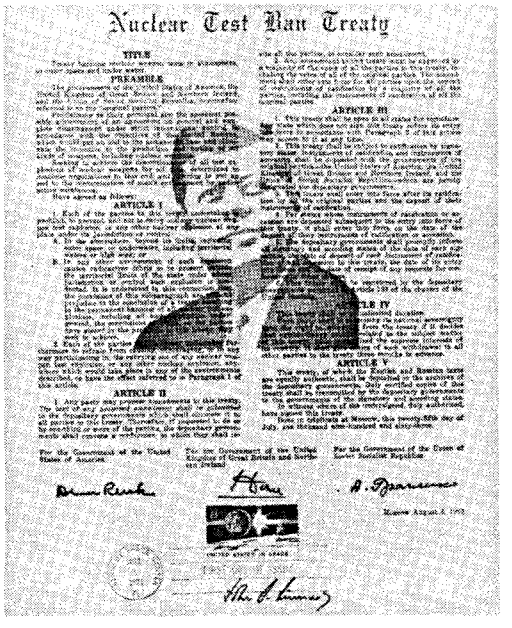

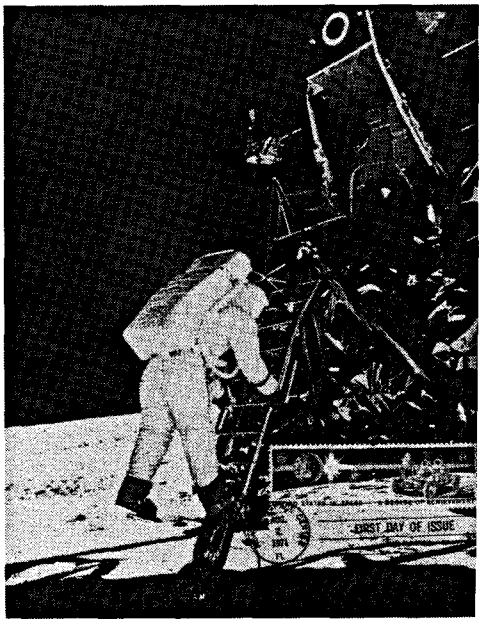

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GOVERNMENT AND MORALITY

Jeb Stuart Magruder, testifying at the Senate hearings on Watergate, said he knew now that what he had done was wrong—in fact he had known it at the time. But he had appeased his conscience, he said, by reflecting that people he looked up to found it necessary on occasion to break the law. For example, the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, under whom he had studied ethics at Williams College, had, he said, broken the law: Dr. Coffin had encouraged students to resist the draft.

Dr. Coffin, in a recent letter to *The New York Times*, has handsomely defended himself against Mr. Magruder's charges. But the points raised in the controversy deserve still further exploration.

For one thing, Mr. Magruder's comparison is absurd. There is a powerful difference between moral protest in defense of natural rights and criminal acts committed for a political advantage. In taking his stand, Dr. Coffin was addressing himself to a concept that was a prime philosophical ingredient in the making of American independence. The concept was, and is, beautifully uncomplicated. It holds that a human being acquires certain rights just in the act of being born, that the individual is surrounded by philosophical protective barriers that the state is barred from penetrating, that the state must not force an individual to do things that run counter to his moral convictions. We need to be reminded that many thousands of the early settlers in America came here to get away from compulsory military service—not because they were afraid to fight in a good cause but because they saw no basic principles of justice or freedom at stake in many of the sanguinary wars in which Europe was promiscuously engaged.

When Dr. Coffin supported students who took a moral stand against the Vietnam war, he did so, not in opposition to American historical principles, but in defense of them. The U.S. government was engaged in full-scale war in Vietnam in violation of its own Constitution. If it is said that the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution gave a veneer of legality to the war, the answer is that Congress acted on the basis of what later turned out to be a contrived incident. Dr. Coffin did defy the United States government, but it was the kind of defiance that men like Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and Thomas Paine espoused out of their belief that a responsible society should enable the individual to pass moral judgment on the state. To equate actions upholding natural law with the right to break into homes or offices, or to steal personal documents, or to sabotage political opponents, or to falsify evidence, or to rig elections is to engage in a burlesque both of philosophy and history.

The governing principle at the recent My Lai trials was that soldiers had the obligation to disobey superiors when they were ordered to do things that were clearly inhumane and that ran counter to military ethics. Do citizens have no similar obligation to disobey their government when its orders seem to them to be morally unjustified and a violation of their constitutional rights? This was the essential moral problem raised by the Vietnam war.

The Nuremberg trials are perhaps the most important single example of natural law and natural rights being declared prior to national law. The governing principle at Nuremberg was that individuals were accountable for any crimes committed in war—crimes definable not necessarily by statute but by laws of common sense and human decency—even though those crimes were carried out under government orders. The United States, which participated fully at Nuremberg, defended this principle. What, then, are the implications of this principle in our involvement in Vietnam? The United States declared its purpose was to protect the people of South Vietnam, but we bombed hundreds of South Vietnamese villages. Our justification was that these villages were under the control of the Viet Cong. Yet our own intelligence officers reported that the Vietnamese tended to accommodate themselves to the occupier, whether Viet Cong, American, or South Vietnamese governmental forces. The United States denounced the indiscriminate terror inflicted on the villagers by the Viet Cong, but the most horrifying characteristic of air bombing is its stark inability to discriminate. How do we protect people against terrorists and assassins by bombing them?

Many of the nation's young people have regarded the bombing as a profoundly immoral act. They could not accept the bombing, or the war of which it was a part, just because men in government authorized it.

In one respect Mr. Magruder may have been right. He seemed to be saying that no one in government is expected to regard questions of morality as prime factors in the decision-making process. In effect, he explained away his wrong actions by saying that it is not easy to know the difference between right and wrong. Perhaps John Erskine's thoughts on this point are pertinent here. Professor Erskine used to advise his students against taking refuge in tortuous philosophical formulations. "The moral obligation of any intelligent creature," Professor Erskine used to say, is simply "to find out as far as possible whether a given action leads to a good or bad end. Any system of ethics that excuses him from that obligation is vicious." William James accented the same point when he observed that the test of morality for any

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Letters From Readers

Vietnam: Variegated Views

On the basis of my observations during two short-term assignments with USAID in Vietnam, it is clear to me that Horace Sutton has presented a remarkably effective, comprehensive, and accurate article about Vietnam ("Vietnam: Putting Back the Pieces," May 8). His projections of the possible future of Vietnam, his specific examples of "swords into plowshares," and his reference to the involvement of other nations in the future of Vietnam are notably impressive. He is also appropriately concerned with the continuing conflict and the instability of conditions in Vietnam.

However, the article has one shortcoming: its neglect of education. It is clear to me that education can and must play an important role in the rehabilitation and reconstruction of Vietnam. . . .

Prof. B. Lamar Johnson
University of California
Los Angeles, California

Horace Sutton's piece provided enough hitherto unreported data to make it of interest. Unfortunately, the tone and political analysis of the article were so distressingly "cold war" in nature as to nullify any value that it might have had. . . .

As one who has spent three years living and working with the refugees of South Vietnam, I would question the assertion that it is the presence of "hostile troops" that obstructs the return of refugees to the land from which they came. The basic reasons for their inability to return home are: (1) continued bombing and shelling of the countryside by the Saigon armed forces; (2) continued ground fighting; (3) the fear of being killed or injured by the vast amounts of unexploded ordnance lying in the deserted villages and fields; and (4) the Saigon government's proclamations that persons moving to areas outside its control are subject to arrest. If anything, it is those "hostile troops" —actually National Liberation Front cadre—who are often relatives of the refugees and their North Vietnamese comrades in arms—who would do their utmost to facilitate the return of the refugees to their farms since this would strengthen their political base. . . .

Earl S. Martin
Washington, D.C.

Thank you for Horace Sutton's humane and comprehensive article. It is a great encouragement to all of us who have been burdened by the dreadful human cost of the fighting to the entire population of South Vietnam. However, the article makes no reference to the work of non-governmental, private voluntary agencies, many of which have been at work in Vietnam throughout the war, engaged in a wide range of emergency relief and rehabilitation programs. At the present time, there are thirty-three American organizations of this kind operating in South Vietnam, and there are thirty-six more organizations in the United States that are giving support to voluntary, non-governmental programs in Vietnam. During the years 1971 and 1972 these agencies spent a total of $22,219,793 on these programs. There is no indication that these agencies are going to diminish their activities. On the contrary, as and if the pacification of the country is achieved, the role of these agencies will undoubtedly increase and their programs expand. . . .

R. Norris Wilson
Executive Vice-President
U.S. Committee for Refugees
New York, New York

. . . Mr. Sutton goes on to call the Japanese "inscrutable" and to place the burden of political partiality unfairly on the Japanese. The Japanese are willing to assist in the rebuilding of North and South Vietnam; yet Mr. Sutton seems to persist in the notion that the Japanese are playing political favorites. It is true that there is a close tie between the governmental policies and business interests in Japan; and since business is Japan's existence, that is a reasonable occurrence. Japan cannot be expected to forsake North Vietnam and her own hopes for future business because of the whims of South Vietnam. . . .

Terry V. Oliver
The Evergreen State College
Olympia, Washington

Horace Sutton's article was a very disappointing attempt to analyze a complex political situation. Mr. Sutton chose to consider the present Vietnamese situation in isolation from the social, political, and cultural history of this Asian nation. He talks of the war as if it were fought for no reason (maybe the large coastal oil deposits referred to in the article are significant here?) and of South Vietnam as if it has been a politically viable state in existence for centuries.

Mr. Sutton does not even make mention of the Geneva Accords of 1954, which have been reaffirmed in the present negotiated agreement with the United States. He completely ignores the issues of unification and independence that have been so much a part of the reasons for this war. Instead, he maintains the myth of the legitimacy of two Vietnams. . . .

Nguyen Van Anh's (a vice-minister to Thieu) long quote at the end of the article indicates the hypocrisy of the regime. Anh talks about the regime's wish for an election in two to three months. It is not mentioned whom the election serves and what political prob-

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individual is what he thinks of himself for having done something.

WHAT IS THERE about political power that makes it indifferent to moral imperatives and sometimes downright contemptuous of them? Is it because people in government take too easily to the notion that in matters of national security they are exempt from ordinary moral considerations? And, since the strong tendency of men in office is to equate the national security with their personal or political security, moral factors inevitably become subordinated or even extraneous.

In January 1966 President Lyndon B. Johnson ordered a pause in the bombing of North Vietnam for the purpose, as officially stated, of testing Hanoi's willingness to talk peace. Various individuals were dispatched to different capitals for the purpose of bearing witness to the good faith of the United States in seeking such negotiations. I had a minor role in that undertaking: My own assignment was Japan and Korea. Then-U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg was appointed by the President to coordinate the probes. On my return to the United States I discussed the mission with Ambassador Goldberg in the White House and found him terribly disturbed and depressed because of the evidence that the administration didn't really want to talk peace and was using the peace probe solely for propaganda purposes. I felt like a fool for having gone halfway around the world to further a project that had no chance in the first place. But I was even more troubled by the government's inability to recognize the cost to itself of its failure to see any moral issue in its approach. Nor did this failure particularly reassure me that other governments had equal or greater disregard for moral imperatives.

What is most disturbing of all, in a nuclear age, is that the future of this nation—and, indeed, the future of the human race—is directly connected to the ability of government to know the difference between right and wrong.

N.C.

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lems it solves. Besides, no one has yet to witness a fair election in Vietnam, especially under Thieu.

Anh goes on to talk about the influx of people from the North and about convincing them to "see the real life in this country" and "live with us as free people." What fantasy! Is the regime that has become identified with cruelty and corruption going to convince the North Vietnamese how nice it would be to live under it?

The real "putting back the pieces" in Vietnam is not material or economic, but political and social. The Paris agreement does not guarantee peace in Vietnam or the durability of the Thieu regime. The political problems remain, and because of this the Vietnamese people will put their country back together again.

Robert W. Richards
Boston, Massachusetts

Horace Sutton replies:

From the conception of the idea in our editorial offices in New York to the completion of the research in Indochina, the thrust of my article was centered on the rebuilding of Vietnam—what has to be done, who would do it, how it could be accomplished, and who would underwrite it. The answers to these queries, as they developed in the course of research, may not please some readers who prefer to view Vietnam as a nation and a society totally destroyed by U.S. involvement. The dislocations and the suffering, indeed the damage to social structure, infrastructure, and life itself, is severe. There remain the indisputable facts that in 1954 a million northerners fled to the South; that a government now exists south of the seventeenth parallel; that the raw potential for future development of the Republic of Vietnam is impressive.

How, amid the problems that harry it, this potential—the natural resources and the labor pool—can be developed by the Saigon government and the concerned nations of Asia and the West is the basis of the piece. I acknowledge the need for education, as well as the role played by non-governmental, private, voluntary agencies in the rehabilitation and reconstruction of Vietnam. Those, however, who infer my personal criticism of the Japanese intent in Indochina, or my personal sympathy with the Thieu regime, or an espousal of past U.S. policy on Vietnam distort the object and intent of the article I wrote, as well as my personal convictions.

Hammering Out a Solution

The article on the new Atlanta ("Atlanta's 'Solution' to the Race Problem," May 22) was a first-rate piece of work—clear and objective. It has special significance for us in view of our opposition to the compromise school plan. We believe that the higher courts will find the compromise unsatisfactory and that the case will wind up again in the district court, where, hopefully, a meaningful desegregation program can be hammered out. Of course, the only thoroughgoing solution is the metropolitan school-district approach, but the judicial future of such procedures remains cloudy.

John A. Morsell
Assistant Executive Director
National Association for the
Advancement of Colored People
New York, New York

Bowling on the Green

I have been fascinated with lawn bowling for more than ten years, and I've long wondered why such a great participant sport is so unknown in this country ("Bowling Over the World," June 5). I've enjoyed bowling on the green so much that after three seasons of it I sold my golf clubs. I don't put too much credence in the statement that lawn bowls is too leisurely for the get-up-and-go temperament of most Americans. . . .

I believe there are several reasons why lawn bowls has not caught on in the United States. For one, it has never been promoted commercially. For another, its brilliant features—challenge to skill, variety of plays, give-and-take, strategy, team play, uncertainty, suspense, and luck—are all obscured to the uninitiated by a bushel of deceptive simplicity.

Most of all, lawn bowling is held back by an ignorance about good bowling greens. These should *not* be like good golf greens (soft and undulating) but like a giant billiard table—truly flat, level, and compact. Bowling greens in Australia are cut as often as fifteen times per week to assure that the grass grows no taller than the thickness of a coin! I believe that once a suitable artificial surface is introduced in the United States, lawn bowling will flourish like golf and tennis.

Dr. Thomas N. Davis III
Waukegan, Illinois

A Home on the Range

Roger M. Williams has written an interesting analysis of the conservation situation in East Africa ("The Politics of Wild Animals," February 13), but I think his overall view of the matter is rather more one-sided than he seems to think mine is. I certainly did not take a strictly preservationist view of the matter in my *National Geographic* article, as he so strongly implies. . . . I specifically said that *the needs of people must come first*. . . . My point was that the wildlife population had dwindled alarmingly, and the pace is not only continuing but accelerating. The question is, What to do about it?

He implies that perhaps nothing should be done and concludes that smaller parks and fewer animals are inevitable—and I gather he thinks it desirable. In my opinion that viewpoint is just as wrong as the viewpoint of the strict preservationist who favors the animals at any cost to the African public. The truth of the matter, I believe, lies in the view that it is not necessarily an either/or situation. Game ranching may help preserve wildlife outside the parks, as I discussed in detail, and which he touches on. That, plus strict protection and enlightened management of the existing East African parks and reserves, is not only the best answer but the only one. Large though many of them are, those parks and reserves are not ecological entities, and if you chop them up, as he and others suggest, the wildlife will virtually vanish—dooming the lucrative tourist trade of the East African countries as well as destroying

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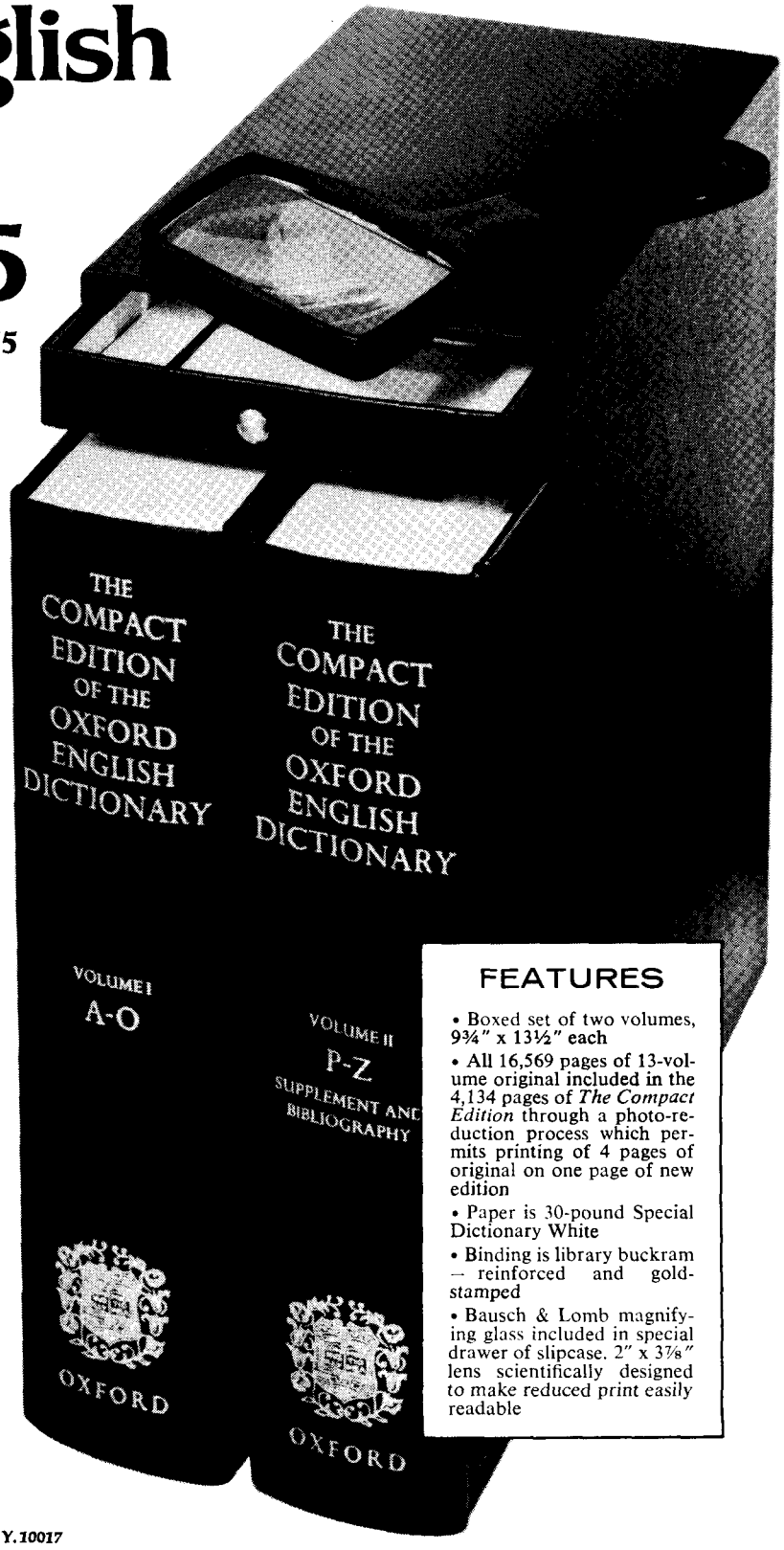

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FEATURES

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part of every man's heritage. If the lands largely reserved for wildlife contained good, arable land, the needs of land-hungry people might be paramount; however, with the exception of some minor areas that cannot well be carved out of the whole and handed over to farmers, the parks and reserves are not suitable for agriculture and would only become dust bowls if tilled.

I regret that he said absolutely nothing about poaching, conducted on a massive commercial scale throughout East Africa and, more often than not, with the knowledge and connivance of government officials, including some of the men responsible for the preservation of wildlife. *National Geographic*, so often wrongly labeled a pollyanna publication, had the courage to come to grips with this matter, even if Mr. Williams and WORLD did not. . . .

Allan C. Fisher, Jr.
Senior Assistant Editor
National Geographic Magazine
Washington, D.C.

Roger M. Williams replies:

In rereading Mr. Fisher's article, I still cannot find an instance in which he says, or even implies, that the needs of people must come first. The dramatic prose he applied to African wildlife—"a legacy of surpassing importance . . . in mortal peril"—is straight out of the preservationist litany. Game ranching may indeed provide an answer, but what if it doesn't? Where *then* do the priorities lie? Mr. Fisher strongly suggests that they must lie with animal preservation, and I cannot agree with that.

As for poaching, attacking that requires about as much courage—and originality—as attacking air pollution. My investigations convinced me that poaching is a vexing but controllable part of the African wildlife problem. The heart of the matter is the threat that man's legitimate aspirations, not illegal activities, pose to wildlife.

Dangerous Rays

John Ciardi's "Nervous, Who's Nervous?" (*As I Was Saying*, April 24) treated, in a highly satirical manner, the panic stimulated by the loss of a radioactive pellet smaller than the word *pea* in type used for his column.

The serious warning brought into focus by this humorous treatment of the New York Police Department's overreaction to the term *radioactivity* is the realization of our total unpreparedness for a real radioactive catastrophe.

The Atomic Energy Commission is promoting the nation's utilities into complete dependence on radioactive fission to generate our electricity, despite their inability to substantiate its total safety. The utilities are siting these large, untried, and untested plants as close to population-use areas as possible.

A major meltdown in such a large reactor could release deadly radioactivity in quantities equal to that released by tens of Hiroshima-type bombs.

How much panic would this cause in a large metropolitan city in comparison to that engendered by a pea-sized pellet of relatively innocuous material?

John K. Mustard
Executive Director
Delaware Valley Committee
for Protection of the Environment
Moorestown, New Jersey

"For your memoirs, dear. I found all the letters you wrote me when I was at Radcliffe and you were at West Point."

John Ciardi's article "Nervous? Who's Nervous?" certainly hits the spot regarding the usual public hysteria over the words *radiation* and *radioactivity*. However, he picked the worst example of an incident in making his point. The source in difficulty was a 38–Curie Iridium–192 industrial radiographic source, and contrary to his old malamute's advice, it possesses spectra of many decay lines of gamma radiation, hence its value in industrial radiography. If it were only a beta emitter, why would it have been used to radiograph pipe welds?

In any case, I was the man in charge of the recovery operation. The City of New York Department of Health established this office in 1958, and we have responded to almost every alleged incident involving radiation and radioactivity in this city since then. Most of the calls for assistance have proved to be false alarms. . . .

In this instance the source of Iridium–192 was stuck in a hollow guide tube outside its normal shielding. The company staff involved, in an attempt to slide the source past the kink in the guide tube, brought the entire assembly to street level. When they could not succeed in bringing the source into its proper shield, they placed the entire guide tube, with source, inside a metal garbage can and filled it with sand to attempt to shield the gamma radiation. They were only partially successful. The source continued to radiate, now at street level, with exposure rates well over those allowable at distances up to 100 yards. The same gamma rays that so effectively penetrate iron and steel pipes had penetrated the walls of nearby apartments at levels that, while not necessarily lethal, were sufficient for the police to decide to evacuate some apartments. We generally do not allow levels in excess of two millirem in any hour to be present in apartments adjacent to physicians or dentists who use X-ray equipment or radioactive materials. The levels in the apartments that were evacuated were as high as twenty millirem per hour. Since at the time no one could be certain how long the source would remain on the sidewalk in the garbage can or how long the residents of the apart-

(Continued on page 55.)

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-GRAM NO. 27

(STEPHEN) LEACOCK:
MY REVELATIONS AS A SPY

In many people the very name "Spy" excites a shudder of apprehension. . . . None of us spies mind it at all. Whenever I enter a hotel and register myself as a Spy I am quite accustomed to see a thrill of fear run around the clerks, or clerk, behind the desk.

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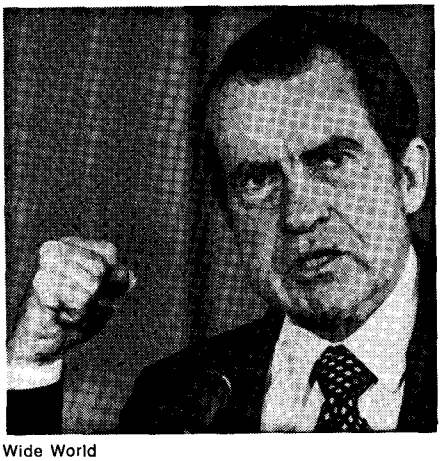
A CASE FOR AMNESTY

by James Reston, Jr.

President Nixon has denied that there is a significant amnesty problem: He has insisted that "only a few hundred deserted the country" during the Vietnam conflict. Yet surely the President knows that nearly 100,000 men deserted the armed forces in the third year of his presidency alone.

The President has also insisted that amnesty means "forgiveness"—which he rightly said he was in no position to provide—rather than forgetfulness or legal oblivion. This further distortion has mired the amnesty discussion in moral obfuscation and has bought the President a little time.

In his press conference of March 2, 1973, the President introduced a new



Wide World

Nixon—*Vindictive toward the weak.*

interpretation: "If at the end of a war," he said, "we broke every precedent this country has had, this will be the first time in history that amnesty has been provided for those who deserted or evaded the draft."

Can American history simply be denied or rewritten in this way?

What the history books tell us is that nineteen American Presidents have declared or favored amnesty. Most of these instances were related to desertion. In the post–Civil War period, the offense was not desertion but treason—direct, armed, organized insurrection against the established American government. The offenses being considered for amnesty today are not nearly so grave.

James Reston, Jr., is a novelist and the author of The Amnesty of John David Herndon. *He is presently collaborating with Frank Mankiewicz on a book on Watergate.*

Precisely because they dealt with an even graver offense than desertion, the amnesties granted after the Civil War, during Reconstruction, are relevant to our own post-Vietnam period. For Vietnam has so far been the most divisive war in the twentieth century, as the Civil War was the most divisive of the nineteenth. If the Civil War created first of all a geographical division, the Vietnam war created a generational one—that is, a breach between the young who fought the war and the old who directed it or were unaffected by it.

Admittedly, comparative history is a ticklish business: No two ages are alike. But the similarities between the post–Civil War and the post-Vietnam eras are unmistakable. In both periods a weak, insecure President presides over the reconciliation of the nation. Andrew Johnson's historical standing was enhanced by his generosity toward the South. Our own President has a similar opportunity in the amnesty issue.

THE UNITED STATES is now entering its second great period of reconstruction.

Six lessons drawn from the first reconstruction have direct bearing on current attempts at reconstruction:

• Moral standing: Andrew Johnson has the distinction of being the only Southern congressman who refused to follow his state into secession. As a Tennessean loyal to the Union, he was in a good position to make judgments of clemency concerning fellow Southerners who had become rebels.

In trying to reconcile North and South after the war, Johnson was guided by three principles: First, he sustained the note of generosity that Lincoln had struck in his second inaugural address—"with malice towards none . . . charity for all." Second, both Lincoln and Johnson reserved the charge of treason for the leaders of the Southern rebellion, not the common foot soldier. Third, Johnson shared Lincoln's view that defection en masse from the Union required a special presidential solution.

• The impracticality of conditional amnesty: Andrew Johnson's first conditional amnesty, only seven weeks after Appomattox, pardoned the majority of Southerners except for some 20,000 from the Confederate leadership. He believed that Southerners had been betrayed into insurrection by their aristocracy and that the common man was thus exonerated from criminal responsibility.

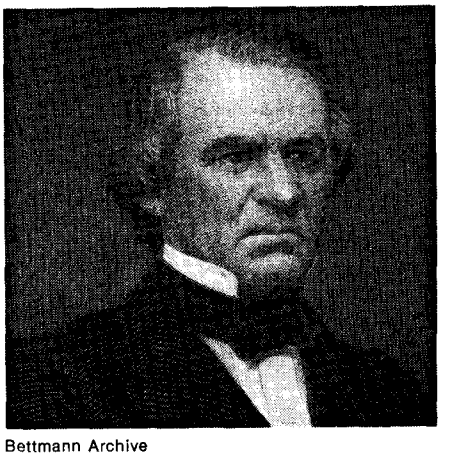
He lavished his wrath on the planters first. To a meeting of Radical legislators, he said:

I can only say you can judge my policy by the past. . . . I hold this. Robbery is a crime; rape is a crime; murder is a crime; treason is a crime; and crime must be punished. The law provides for it, and the courts are open. Treason must be made infamous, and traitors must be impoverished.

But how was he to judge one instance of treason among thousands? What was to be the criterion for judgment?

Johnson demanded an oath of allegiance to the United States and tried to force the planters to petition him for leniency. He wanted the aristocracy to beg for mercy and "so realize the enormity of their crime."

• Remorse: Remorse is fundamental to a conditional amnesty. What followed



Bettmann Archive

Johnson—*Pardoned all but the leaders.*

Johnson's first amnesty declaration was a flood of cynical applications for pardon. Initially the President granted only a few pardons. But as time went on, Johnson found that he needed the aristocracy to restore order in the South, and he began to issue pardons wholesale. He even delegated authority to a pardon clerk who was an ex-confederate colonel.

This gave rise to the infamous system of pardon brokers, people who, for $150 to $500, sped their clients' applications through the proper channels. Some brokers pressed their cases through Johnson's son Robert, who was a drunk. By July 1866 some 13,500 amnesty petitions had been approved.

• Reconstruction vs. restoration: The clash between President Johnson and the Radical Congress developed over differ-

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ing ideas of what, exactly, "reconciliation" should entail and eventually led to impeachment proceedings. Johnson rejected the term *reconstruction*, preferring, instead, *restoration*. He did not see the need for fundamental social change in the South: With the institution of slavery abolished, the South needed only to be brought back into the Union as painlessly as possible.

• The inevitability of universal amnesty: As Andrew Johnson's political position deteriorated and as sentiment for impeachment grew, he sensed the need for decisive action. In 1866 he made his "swing round the circle," giving speeches in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and points in between. The tour was a disaster, for Johnson was humbled by a crude brand of political sabotage. The opposition planted hecklers in the crowds, and Johnson traded insults with them from the stump.

But the President's plea for reconciliation was genuine. In New York he expressed his view of the American "family":

> [Southerners] are our brethren. They are part of ourselves. They are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. . . . We have come together again; and now, after having understood what the feud was, the great apple of discord removed, having lived under the Constitution of the United States, they ask to live under it in the future. . . ."

In the last year and a half of his presidency, during the prolonged anguish of impeachment, Johnson was President in title only. Congress passed reconstruction legislation at will and easily overrode presidential vetoes. Still he continued to pardon. On September 7, 1867, he proclaimed a second amnesty, after which only about 300 men remained unpardoned; and on July 4, 1868, two months after the last effort at conviction failed, he declared an amnesty that, in effect, exempted only one man, Jefferson Davis.

Finally—and most significant for the post-Vietnam era—Andrew Johnson declared his universal amnesty proclamation of December 25, 1868. The country favored amnesty by then, but it did not thank Johnson for his action. Only history would do that.

• "Waving the bloody shirt": The chapter on amnesty after the Civil War might have ended with the destruction of the President and the reconstruction of the nation. But while Johnson's universal amnesty erased the possibility of criminal charges, it did not restore to pardoned persons the right to hold office. Only Congress could do that. So the amnesty debate dragged on. It continued, in fact, for more than thirty years.

President Grant recommended that Congress restore all rights, but his proposal failed in the Senate because of the ploy known as "waving the bloody shirt." As the country wallowed in the corruption of the Grant administration and reconstruction degenerated, discredited Republican politicians harped on the 300,000 Union dead in the war. The tactic was intended to arouse old Civil War passions and thus prop up bankrupt policies.

In 1876 Sen. James G. Blaine of Maine gave the most famous bloody-shirt speech of all. He recalled the horrors suffered by Union soldiers held captive within the Confederacy's Andersonville prison and compared them to the mass murders ordered by the Duke of Alva, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, and the excesses of the Spanish Inquisition. His speech was a tour de force, and the amnesty bill of 1876 failed. Later Jefferson Davis said he did not want a "spurious amnesty" anyway. The matter lay dead for the next twenty-two years—until 1898—when Congress, under McKinley, passed the universal amnesty act.

"Today the President's moral stature is suspect. He can ill afford to pass judgment on others. . . . For Nixon to take any stance that presumes moral superiority is absurd."

Is this all academic? Perhaps it was in the days before Watergate. Then we had an all-powerful, arrogant President who seemed personally affronted by the suggestion of amnesty.

Today the President's moral stature is suspect. He can ill afford to pass judgment on others. He bears responsibility for four more years of war and for the continued bombing of Cambodia, which the American people oppose 2 to 1. For Nixon to take any stance that presumes moral superiority is absurd.

Unlike Andrew Johnson, he has in the past been vindictive, not toward powerful offenders, but toward the weak. And the war dissenters in exile, though powerless, will not submit to a conditional amnesty that assumes wrongdoing on their part and high moral standing on the part of the President and Congress.

If the exiled dissenters have been strident, it is only a just reaction to the President's contemporary version of waving the bloody shirt. At his March 2 press conference, he could think of "no greater insult to the memories of those who fought and died" than to provide amnesty for those who resisted. But as Dalton Trumbo asks, "What do the dead say?" It's an old device: Pit one victim against the other, then no one asks whether all these victims were necessary in the first place.

THE PRESIDENT could effect a rapprochement with the American people by declaring universal amnesty. No one wants fanfare to attend repatriation. We expect only a quiet reassimilation of these men into American life.

More than ever, the amnesty issue must be cleared of emotional roadblocks, the first of which has to do with the notion of criminality. No compromise can come of the President's claiming the exiles are criminals under the draft or desertion laws and the exiles' claiming the President is a criminal under the Nuremberg statutes. The second roadblock is the idea that amnesty would be an admission by President Nixon that the blame was all his. Since he is congenitally incapable of admitting his mistakes, Nixon must be shown that he can follow the proper course of action without having to confess wrongdoing.

It is here that history becomes important: It can provide a way around the seemingly irreconcilable moral questions attendant on the amnesty debate. That a new age has begun, that the President must have a new image in peacetime, that reconciliation is the first priority after so long and divisive a war—these are arguments that get the President off the moral hook.

Reconciliation, to be sure, will require a measure of humility from the President. He may have to set aside some of his cherished views on the obligations of citizens, realizing that other Presidents have done so in the past for the good of the country—nineteen of them opting for amnesty.

Then, with this sense of history, with this urgent need for reconciliation and the restoration of faith in government, the second reconstruction can begin. It can begin with a speech that would follow Andrew Johnson's universal amnesty proclamation of 1868:

> I, Richard Nixon, President of the United States, by virtue of the power and authority vested in me by the Constitution, and in the name of the sovereign people of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare unconditionally and without reservation, to all and to every person who directly or indirectly refused cooperation in the late war in Vietnam, a full pardon and amnesty for the act of war resistance; namely draft evasion, desertion, or the stain of unfavorable military discharge, with the restoration of all rights, privileges, and immunities under the Constitution and the laws that have been made in pursuance thereof. □

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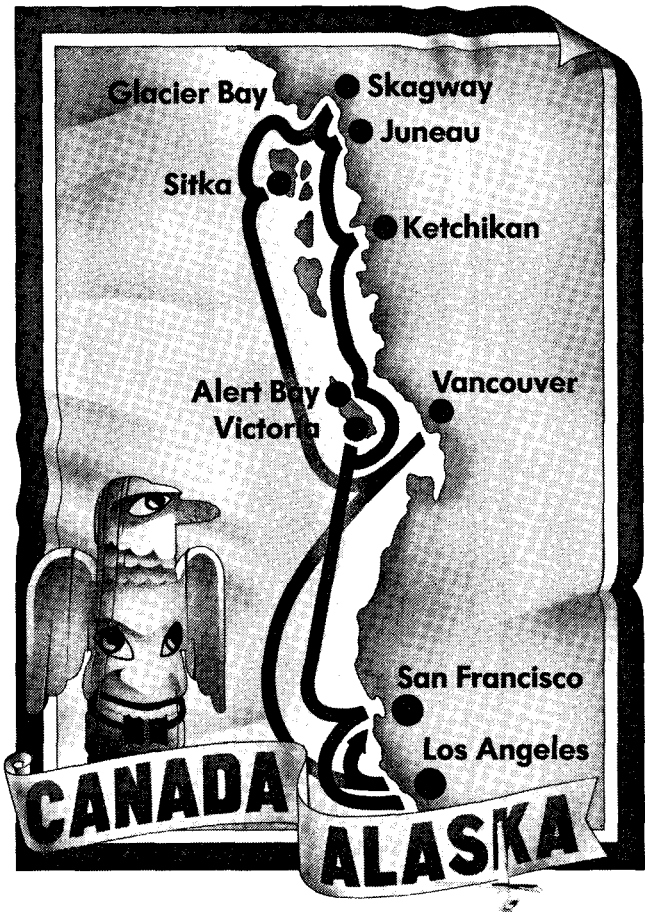

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DOWNRIVER TO ARMAGEDDON

by Russell Warren Howe

As Southeast Asia cools down, the southern African pepper pot is coming to a racing boil. Soon the ancient enmity between white privilege and black aspirations will blaze up into bitter, open warfare.

If present trends hold, the lid should blow off completely in southern Africa sometime in 1975. Then this troubled region will see the world's first major black versus white race war—the explosive finale to a half-century of pressure-cooker politics within and rubber-dagger power plays launched from without by the major powers.

Perhaps the best way to get at this looming, complex situation is to take a flying trip around the rim of the upcoming war, noting the influences emanating from centers as far apart as Dar es Salaam, Washington, Pretoria, Mozambique (see box, pages 22–23), and Peking.

Peking? Yes, Peking; China is strongly supporting various African resistance movements—especially those centered on the Indian Ocean seaboard. The People's Republic does most of the southern African guerrilla training (in Tanzania) and has taken over from Canada the task of training Tanzania's conventional armed forces. It has given Tanzania a naval facility in the harbor at Dar es Salaam, which Chinese, as well as Tanzanian, vessels can use, and is building the strategic Tanzara, or "Tanzam," railroad from Dar to Zambia's capital, Lusaka.

South Africa has threatened to strike at both the port and the railroad and has made reconnaissance overflights. But the Pentagon presumption is that, to protect its investment and its allies, China will deploy some of its new IRBMs and protective SAMs, either in the closed "guerrilla" district of southern Tanzania or on Pemba, a secure island dependency. These missiles will likely be test-fired, later this year, into the Indian Ocean.

Partly because of China, southern Africa could well become a hot spot that Moscow and Washington might try to defuse together. The Chinese, understandably, worry South Africa, too, and the fear takes on nightmare forms: U.S. envoy John Hurd, a wealthy Republican who was reprimanded by Secretary of State Rogers last year for holding segregated Fourth of July parties, recently related with amusement that South African Premier Johannes Balthazar Vorster had assured him there were 200,000 Chinese in Tanzania. Hurd pointed out that the CIA figure was only 20,000, but Vorster would have none of it.

Premier Vorster has good reason, of course, for seeing black, brown, and yellow revolutionaries under every bed. South Africa, the world headquarters of racist sentiment, is a sprawling, standing target for future urban and rural guerrilla movements. In the long run—Mao's theories notwithstanding—urban terror seems likely to be more effective than rural warfare in South Africa. Pretoria points hopefully to its all-white forces, presumably impervious to subversion, and notes that guerrillas could not permanently occupy state machinery, key cities, or the means of production; but the urban guerrilla—in South Africa, Uruguay, Ulster, or anywhere else—does not want to "occupy." He merely seeks to demoralize and intimidate, creating a climate of "constructive anxiety." He hammers particularly at what insurrectional experts like Britain's Sir Robert Thompson have identified as the key target in this sort of conflict—quislings, notably police informers.

South African white-settler opinion is pretty much unanimous in its racism but divided on practical policy. Partly this is because "Anglos" (who speak English) and "Afrikaners" (who speak pidgin Dutch) are, by common consent, largely separate communities in their job, social, and institutional lives. Violence would probably exacerbate their enmities, with each blaming the other for dovishness or hawkishness. By alienating the outside world, the cruder forms of overt repression would increase the trend for democracy-oriented white students to challenge their parents' mindless loyalty to the government. Meanwhile, "Coloreds" (Eurafricans), inspired by black America, are shedding their past Uncle Tom image for a new militancy.

The country's by now legendary obstinacy reflects the ideology of the ruling Nationalist party, or "Nats." The party is dominated by Afrikaners, a dour, vindictive, fanatically "religious" people who have always been suspicious of democracy. They backed the Nazis in World War II. Balthazar Vorster, who is today premier, went to the penitentiary as a Nazi agent. German radio promised the Nats Rhodesia, Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland and even said they could keep "Southwest"—the former German Southwest Africa, now Namibia—which South Africa still occupies illegally.

South Africa is also a regional threat to peace. From Italy, Britain, and especially France, Pretoria has acquired a modern air force, submarines, hundreds of tanks and armored cars, and missiles (ground-to-air, air-to-air, air-to-ground). The country makes its own light and medium arms, including bombs, mines, and napalm shells: Pretoria has not signed the nuclear non-proliferation treaty and claims it will have a nuclear missile warhead soon. There is no comparable aviation or armor in the area, so this powerful force could only be used for heavy-handed repression or for strikes against currently defenseless neighbors.

If South Africa did use this force in an egregious way, how might the major powers react? The concentration of most industry in the hands of a score of firms and the high visibility of tankers at sea—along with the limited number of Mozambican and South African ports that would be involved—make an oil blockade by the Soviet and American fleets, presumably under the U.N. flag, at least a possibility. Since South Africa (which has no indigenous oil supplies) has two or three years' oil stockpiled, the country would have time to adjust to the realities that this measure would imply. In turn, the goals of such a sanction would need to be plausible, in scope and time.

South Africa's current initiatives in

Russell Warren Howe is a British journalist who writes frequently about African affairs. He has been African correspondent for the Baltimore Sun *and* Washington Post.

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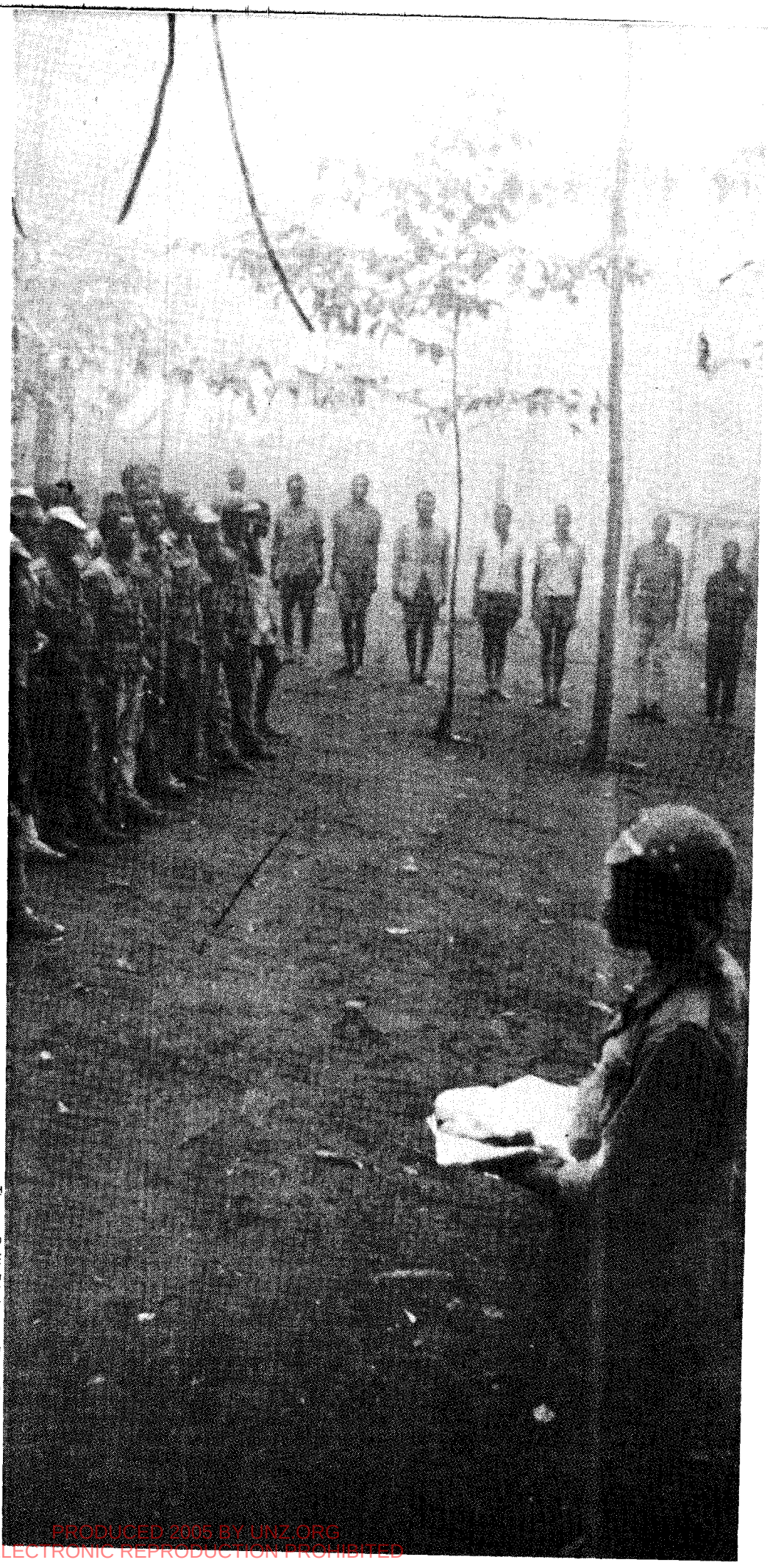
abotaging U.N. sanctions against Rhodesia would help validate U.N. anctions against South Africa itself. Further, Pretoria's continued illegal occupation of Namibia, mentioned above, s "aggression" under international law; his fact provides an additional pretext. An oil blockade is not, of course, in the ards this year but probably should be ept in mind. Meanwhile, Washington ould help evoke a negotiating attitude n Pretoria by flatly discouraging the white South African belief that America would come to the settlers' help if needed.

Security within the region is the most urgent issue. Two Western governments, Sweden and Denmark, have given military assistance to the spreading guerrilla campaigns. Canada gives non-military assistance. It is presumably only a question of time before private American groups begin raising funds for southern African patriots in the way U.S. groups raised funds to buy Spitfires for Britain in 1940. Dr. Waldemar Nielsen, an American prominent in U.S.-African affairs, has recommended discreet official U.S. aid to resistance movements.

DESPITE THEIR CONCERN over their own security, each white-settler state is keeping a weather eye on the insurrectionist situation in each of the other states: The South African and Rhodesian general staffs met recently, without the Portuguese, to study and criticize Portuguese army strategy in Mozambique. In March Portugal held multiracial elections in Mozambique and Angola, after staging similar elections in Portuguese Guinea in 1972. The puppet multiracial governments now being formed are intended to weaken public support for the nationalist resistance movements. A phase-down of fighting would enable war funds (60 percent of the Portuguese budget) to be partly redirected to development in Africa. The local governments have been promised as much autonomy within a Portuguese "commonwealth" as the Caetano dictatorship could ideologically accept.

These moves by Lisbon are seen by South Africa and Rhodesia as feelers for a separate peace with the "Communist agitators" (read: resistance movements). In contrast, the nationalists, by stepping up guerrilla pressure, hope to provoke harsher repression, thus stiffening popular resistance.

To answer the multiracial governments, the nationalists (especially in Portuguese Guinea), having held "elections" of their own this year, may form



Thomas D. W. Friedmann: Photo Researchers

Angola Resistance Fighters—*In both Namibia and Portuguese Angola, there have been new outbreaks of terror.*

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THE CAST OF COUNTRIES

South Africa: Pop. 20.5 million—14 million Africans, 2 million Eurafricans, 4.5 million non-Africans, including 750,000 Asians. Only whites vote. Two-party system, but gerrymandering ensures that only one party can win. Gold, diamonds, secondary industries, agriculture. Per capita income $650 (third highest in Africa). Armed forces: 17,300 including 5000 in air force with 166 combat aircraft. Large, armored police force. Resistance forces: numbers unknown.

Namibia: Pop. 750,000—80 percent African. U.N. territory under illicit South African administration. Only whites vote. Diamonds. Resistance forces: numbers unknown.

Rhodesia: British colony whose settler rulers are in rebellion against Britain. Pop. 5.6 million, including 250,000 non-Africans. Africans vote on separate roll for 25 percent of legislature seats. Agricultural economy. Per capita income about $200. No coastline. Armed forces: 4700—one African and one white army battalion and 1200-man air force with forty-five combat aircraft, many of which are short of parts. Resistance forces: probably just under 2000.

Mozambique: Portuguese colony. Pop. 6 million, including 200,000 non-Africans. Africans can now vote, but system ensures that legislators are predominantly white. Agricultural economy. Per capita income under $100. Armed forces: 60,000 Portuguese and Mozambican troops plus 40,000 local militia. Resistance forces: 8000, expected to rise.

Angola: Portuguese colony. Pop. 5 million, including 300,000 non-Africans. Diamonds, coffee. Per capita income about $200; potentially prosperous—"second Brazil." Armed forces: 55,000 Portuguese and Angolan troops, plus about 40,000 local militia. Resistance forces: 6000.

Zambia: Pop. 4.5 million, including about 70,000 non-Africans. Relatively moderate one-party state. Copper and other metals. Per capita income $300. No coastline. Armed forces: 6000, including 1000 in embryonic air force.

Tanzania: Pop. 14 million, virtually all African. One-party socialist state with two candidates (from the same party) for each seat in elections. Agricultural economy. Per capita income about $75. Armed forces: 11,100, mostly army, with Chinese instructors. Also 60,000—100,000 Chinese-trained guerrillas from South Africa, Rhodesia, and Portuguese Africa, waiting for opening of "Zambesi front."

Botswana: Pop. 650,000, spread over area larger than Texas. Multiparty democracy under southern Africa's elder statesman, President Sir Seretse Khama. New mineral discoveries offer potential prosperity. No coastline but short frontier with Zambia. Shares South Africa's currency. Moderate, pro-Western regime. Armed forces: negligible.

Lesotho: Pop. 900,000. Multiparty system, but incumbent administration seized power after defeat in 1970 election. Most popular political figure is government opponent and young constitutional monarch King Moshoeshoe (Mo-schweh-schweh). Poor. Main income: remittances from Basuto migrants to South Africa. Enclaved by South Africa, whose currency it shares. Pro-Western regime. Armed forces: negligible.

Swaziland: Pop. 350,000. Multiparty system but under near-absolute, octogenarian monarch and conservative tribal council. Like Lesotho and Somalia, has political advantage of being almost monotribal nation. Relatively prosperous agricultural economy. Enclaved by Mozambique and South Africa, whose currency it shares. U.S. hotel chains have made the Swazi capital, Mbabane, bordello suburb for Johannesburg (where interracial dalliance is forbidden). Conservative, pro-Western regime. Armed forces: negligible.

Malagasy Republic: Pop. 7.5 million, including 50,000 French, 20,000 Chinese and Indians. Popular, moderate, military junta overthrew dictator Tsiranana last year. Agricultural economy. Per capita income about $110. Armed forces: 4000, plus 6000 paramilitary police. French being forced to evacuate their bases. Pro-Western regime.

Kenya: Pop. 12 million, including 250,000 non-Africans, mostly Asian. Moderate, one-party state in all but name, but any number (from the party) can run in elections. Agricultural economy. Per capita income $150. Armed forces: 7000, mostly army, plus strong paramilitary units. Pro-Western. Will face problems when President Kenyatta, eighty-three, dies.

Uganda: Pop. 10.5 million, almost entirely African now. Mostly coffee. Per capita income: $100. Armed forces: 13,000, possibly more, including small air force with MIG-17s. Amin dictatorship unpredictable.

Ethiopia: Pop. 26 million, almost exclusively African. Non-party parliament under fairly absolute rule of Emperor Haile Selassie. Poor agricultural economy. Per capita income about $90. Armed forces: 44,000, including air force with forty-six combat aircraft. Third largest forces in black Africa after Nigeria's and Zaire's but probably the best. Pro-Western regime faces potential frontier-dispute war with Somalia, simmering Muslim secession movement in Eritrea province, other tribal factions—all financed by Libya's oil-rich Col. Muammar al-Qadafi. U.S. is phasing down "intelligence-intercept facility" at Asmara. Emperor, eighty-two, will be succeeded by Crown Prince Asfa Wossen, who had heart attack in January.

Zaire: Pop. 24 million, almost exclusively African. Per capita income $80 but expected to grow fairly fast on minerals, timber, agriculture. Right-wing Mobutu dictatorship has U.S. support. Armed forces: 50,000, including forty-one outdated combat aircraft, for internal policing, and paramilitary gendarmerie. Pro-Western but unpredictable.

shadow governments, declare the cou tries independent of Portugal, and a for membership in the United Natio and the OAU. White House exper who see the move as a dubious prec dent, expect about eighty Third Wor and Communist countries to recogni an independent Portuguese Guinea, be renamed Bissau. Nationalist feelir presently runs high in the country, whe it is believed that the slaying last Fe ruary of the nationalist leader Amilc Cabral was instigated by the Portugues

Meanwhile, the white-settler stat will be closely watching the jockeyir for succession in Ethiopia (where En peror Haile Selassie will be eighty-tw in July) and in Kenya (where Jom Kenyatta will soon be eighty-three Almost unnoticed, President Pompidc has been touring the area, trying to hol on to France's tense Somali colon around Djibouti and offering Haile S lassie arms, now that the United State is withdrawing from its communicatior base in Asmara, Eritrea (the Red Se province of Ethiopia). Paradoxically crises in the key moderate states c Kenya and Ethiopia would please bot the white South and China.

RECALLING THE UNHAPPY FATE of Portu guese Guinea's nationalist leader, Ami car Cabral, some observers wonde whether the white-settler states will no try to kill or topple Rhodesia's prim antagonist, Zambia's President Kennet Kaunda, whose home base has becom insecure since he recently introduced euphemistically titled form of rule calle "one-party democracy."

The Zambia-Rhodesia border remain tightly closed, meanwhile, apparentl for the duration of the conflict betwee the two countries. Zambia recently in augurated its first national air base-American-designed, Italian-built, arme with British SAMs. A second base i under construction. Yugoslavs will trai Zambian MIG-21 pilots. If defense op erations are needed in the interim, th MIGs will be flown by Egyptians Somalis, or Algerians.

President Kaunda now routes all Zam bian copper—his country's main currenc earner—through Tanzania, Zaire, an Angola. Some may go through Malaw and the new Mozambican port of Nacala Use of Angola and Mozambique reflect integrationist Portugal's desire not to b too closely identified with apartheid happy South Africa and its satellite Rho desia. Zambia has quadrupled its trad through Dar es Salaam, where the World Bank is hurriedly building new berths. Tanzara, the Tanzania-Zambia railroad, which is being built by 16,00 Chinese army engineers, will be fin ished next year. American funds have built a parallel blacktop road, the Ital-

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ondon Daily Express

Building for the Future—*Chinese supervise "Tanzam" railroad construction.*

ans a pipeline. An American-built all-veather road will soon link Botswana to Zambia's rail system and the Tanzara, nabling Botswana to divert at least ome of its trade routes away from South Africa. Zambian dependence on Rhodesian electricity will be eased when he Kafue Dam is finished this year and ured when "Kariba North," at the Zambian end of the Kariba Dam, is completed in 1975.

When all this building and foundation laying is over with, Zambia will, t hopes, be free of all communications nd power lines running through the ostile South. Then Zambia can become what it clearly aspires to be—a springboard for the black-liberation movements in southern Africa.

Meanwhile, in white-held territories, rural warfare spreads slowly, to the advantage of the black insurgents. "The guerrilla wins when he does not lose," Henry Kissinger has written. "The conventional soldier loses when he does not win." In this sense the resistance movements are already scoring victories: In Mozambique, warriors in this battle of patience occupy, more or less, the rural areas of four big districts. At the site of the huge Cabora Bassa Dam, 4000 whites live behind minefields, electric fences, and zones interdicted by artillery, getting supplies only by air or military convoy (see box, pages 22–23).

The twilight settler regime in Rhodesia, which has called up its white reservists, is also running scared: It has borrowed 8000 white soldiers and paramilitary police from South Africa to help resist guerrillas in the country's north and east. There have been new outbreaks of terror in Namibia and in Portuguese Angola—where the veteran leader Holden Roberto has united the resistance movements.

South Africa itself is going through an unprecedented wave of strikes by Africans, Eurafricans, and Asians against the "race tax"—under which natives are paid less than the putative going wage, while immigrant workers are paid up to seventeen times more. Defense Minister Pieter Botha gloomily predicts that by next year 100,000 trained guerrillas will have left Tanzania for the battlefield.

In all, the southern African pepper pot is aboil, with all signs pointing to an explosion that will involve, if not engulf, not only sub-Saharan Africa but major non-African nations with interests on the continent.

WHERE DOES the United States stand in the southern African equation? President Nixon has called the South African regime "abhorrent." Most Americans who have been to South Africa agree. Regarding Rhodesia, there is little apparent sympathy on Pennsylvania Avenue for the Ian Smith regime's rebellion against Britain. In November the United States helped pass a Security Council resolution calling on America's NATO ally Portugal to stop the wars in Angola and Mozambique and give those countries independence.

The United States observes the 1963 and 1964 U.N. arms embargoes, preventing all but the most unpreventable war supplies, such as civilian light aircraft and heavy trucks, from going directly to South Africa.

About Rhodesia, White House sources say the United States has no political or economic reason to throw a lifeline to the white settlers, who comprise only 4 percent of the population and would, in a crunch, probably migrate to South Africa. America, they add, would never question Britain's sovereignty. At the State Department it seems likely that Assistant Secretary David Newsom and his senior staff in the Bureau of African Affairs would publicly resist any "tilt" toward the settlers.

Until Watergate made it awkward for Mr. Nixon to show his face almost anywhere abroad, the President had been putting out feelers for an invitation to address the May meeting of the Organization of African Unity in Addis Ababa. Had he gone, he would have reaffirmed the U.S. arms embargo on South Africa, opposition to the Smith regime, and his belief that justice will not be unreasonably delayed by current or future U.S. investment in the region; he would probably also have denounced "violent solutions."

Assistant Secretary Newsom has written U.S. companies involved with the South African economy, calling on them to take a lead in granting better wages and other conditions for native labor. This line (rather than disinvolvement in South Africa) has the support of most native African leaders and of most American blacks—among them Congressman Charles Diggs—who have visited South Africa.

The President's apparent assumption that a powerful minority will give up power peacefully finds little support, however, in history—witness the American Declaration of Independence. But the idea lends weight to the white South Africans' belief that Americans have more empathy with them than with their victims; and it is certainly a law of political chemistry that great powers tend to support a status quo that is not hostile to them.

Clearly, several factors encourage U.S. immobility. In a recent report the International Institute of Strategic Studies noted that southern Africa has little or no strategic significance to the larger world scene. Hence, the international inclination to let the conflict fester—the idea being that the status quo, though squalid, is harmless in global terms and that a wider, more explosive conflict, however regrettable, would be at least quarantinable. Also, the economic considerations are marginal: The United States has less invested in South Africa than in pre-Castro Cuba. In Rhodesia and Portuguese Africa, its investments are minuscule. Whatever Washington's policy, the white regimes are unlikely to nationalize U.S. firms without due compensation.

Despite an active South African prop-

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MOZAMBIQUE: A TENACIOUS COLONIALISM ON IT

Lourenço Marques, Mozambique

Early each workday morning here, there is a striking example of what colonial domination is all about. Both sides of the airport road are filled with black men and women who are hurrying to get to their jobs in town. Few of the men wear coats and ties; few of the women, anything but cheap cotton dresses. In Mozambique, one of the world's last few European colonies, the natives have little reason to dress up. They are the country's domestic servants, waiters, laborers, and farm workers. The good jobs, along with the other perquisites of the good life, are in the hands of the whites.

The whites are the Portuguese, who have clung tenaciously to their African colonies—Angola and Guinea (Bissau) as well as Mozambique—for several hundred years. They insist that these countries are now full-fledged "states" of Portugal; but the statehood is essentially meaningless. Although their lot has improved in recent years, the colonial blacks are still exploited and without power. Further, among the Portuguese "benefits" they enjoy is the right to be part of a one-party state that brooks little opposition and maintains an efficient secret police.

Lourenço Marques remains a very European-looking capital. The downtown streets are tree lined and arcaded. The best suburbs, hard by the Indian Ocean, display well-appointed villas and a couple of splendid old hotels. The Portuguese language—so close to Spanish yet maddeningly far from it—is omnipresent; the one hundred or so native dialects have no official standing, and even Frelimo, the rebel force fighting to oust the Portuguese, accepts the fact that the Portuguese language must remain. Serenity rules in Lourenço Marques. Frelimo's rebels are somewhere in the interior, and the city blacks—who include barefoot, baby-toting mothers chewing sugar cane—are properly deferential. The Portuguese government officials and businessmen appear to control the city, and the rest of Mozambique, with an assurance that one finds only in colonial regimes.

THESE APPEARANCES are not deceptive. Stubbornly, and perhaps against its own best interests, Portugal is managing to maintain almost total control over its African possessions. A Westerner looking for signs of ferment is startled to find so few. The students are quiescent, political opposition and labor trouble virtually unknown. Nobody speaks publicly in favor of independence from Portugal; in fact, the principal dissident movement is toward a form of autonomy that would free colonial whites from the economic restraints of the Metropole and settle them more firmly in the political saddle.

There are well-founded reasons for the firmness of the Portuguese control: tradition plus the concentration of all power in their hands. A less obvious reason is the absence of black leadership. African nations in the mid-twentieth century have produced a steady stream of men who have led their people, with more or less ability and effectiveness, to independence. Mozambique has no such men. Its best hope, Eduardo Mondlane, the well-educated president of Frelimo, was assassinated in 1969. The few blacks now entering positions of influence—in politics, business, publishing—are doing so under the auspices of a government that will keep both them and their views "safe."

I talked with one such black man, Miguel Murupa, director of *Voz Africana,* an influential weekly newspaper. Murupa, who is only twenty-six, was a Frelimo official until he saw the light four years ago; now he is an articulate and often-used propagandist for many aspects of Portuguese rule. Does Murupa consider himself Portuguese? "One hundred percent," he says. "I feel there must be 'one Portugal' but with complete racial integration and proportional political representation. There also must be equal jobs and equal pay."

What about political freedom? "We don't need an opposition party, at least not until the political system prepares Africans to take responsibilities."

Murupa argues that a "little country" like Mozambique (8 million people—some 97 percent of whom are African—and 300,000 square miles) must be tied for purposes of security and growth to a big country like Portugal (10 million people and 36,000 square miles). Therefore, the most that Mozambicans should hope for in the way of independence is a confederation in which the states are given certain authority but the critical powers remain with the central government in Lisbon. How do other black Africans regard this approach? Murupa smiles tolerantly. "They would say I've sold out, but they don't understand what Portugal is doing here today. The life of the average black African is as good here as in the independent countries."

Carlos E. M. Ivo, a white Mozambican and a suave architect in the city of Beira, is another who holds democracy in low esteem: "You know how easy it is to sway crowds to think one way or another, especially people who are not well educated." Rather than political rights, he says, "The thing you have to aim for here is good jobs and better living conditions." Ivo comes by his elitism honestly. He served as a representative in Portugal's rubber-stamp national assembly, and he is the fourth generation of Ivos to the gentry born in Mozambique.

Defenders of the Portuguese colonial system talk a great deal about its alleged lack of racism. In theory the system is open to blacks as well as whites, but in practice blacks have been effectively excluded. For generations this was done by declaring them *indígenas* (native) rather than *assimilados* (assimilated to the Portuguese culture). This distinction was abolished some years ago, but formidable obstacles to integration remain. Foremost among these is education, which, as Eduardo Mondlane wrote, has been "designed to produce not citizens but servants of Portugal." Last year the University of Lourenço Marques graduated its first black student. Universities in the Metropole have been admitting Africans, but very few have had both the qualifications and the money to attend. This is true despite major increases in education expenditures by the government, which aims to have 800,000 blacks in Mozambican schools by 1975—compared with 250,000 now. (Some 90 percent of Mozambican blacks are classified as illiterate.)

Yet the present pace of educational expansion, centered as it is at the primary level, has added to the Africans' frustration. "When the average black finishes primary school," says Rui Cartaxana, editor of a Mozambique newsmagazine, "he cannot go any further, because the next level school is in another town. So he stays in his own village and gets a menial job." Apologists for Portuguese rule use the educational situation as a double-edged argument: as evidence of how much the government is doing for the masses and as an excuse for keeping those same masses at the bottom of the political, social, and economic structure.

A system based on such educational differences, and on inferior jobs at inferior pay, cannot be judged non-racial, despite what the government and its laws may say. Indeed, statistics show that Portuguese claims of intermarriage are overblown; some studies have found

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ıat Mozambique has a far smaller per-ɛntage of "Coloreds" (persons of mixed lood) than avowedly racist South frica.

Probably for the first time ever, ıange is at least openly discussed in lozambique. It is stimulated both by ıe guerrilla warfare being waged ıroughout southern Africa and by a ew, pragmatic willingness of the gov-ınment to loosen its grip. Portugal's)lonial policy has at long last become)mething of a domestic issue, with gov-ınment officials speaking against it in rivate and dissidents occasionally crit-ɛizing it in public. Premier Marcello 'aetano, who five years ago succeeded ıe durable dictator Antonio Salazar, as made liberal noises and a few actual hanges, if only to improve Portugal's hances of getting into the Common 1arket.

NDEPENDENCE IS considered out of the uestion. A status like that formerly en-)yed by Brazil—a sort of semiautono-ıous colony—is often mentioned, but it ; seldom added that Brazil went on to chieve full independence. Anyway, 'remier Caetano has been cagey about ommitting himself to any new status for he African colonies. Unless Frelimo can)rce the Portuguese out of Mozam-)ique, a development now regarded by eutral observers as most unlikely, colo-ıal rule in some form will continue.

Considering the blacks' woeful lack f leadership and other essentials for unning the country, that is not a wholly)leak prospect. Time is indisputably on he blacks' side. So is Portugal's come-ately policy of bettering their lot, be-ɛause the more skills and opportunities he government bestows on the blacks, he more it hastens the day when they vill demand to run their own lives.

Meanwhile the old colonialism reigns n Lourenço Marques, and a new variety ıolds sway in Beira. In that seaside city he resort hotels cater almost exclusively o Rhodesian tourists—white, of course—vho flock there to escape the inland heat ınd, these days, the perils of guerrilla varfare. Ironically, the Rhodesians, like ɛhe South Africans, look down on the Portuguese as swarthy southern Euro-peans with a weakness for miscegena-tion. Less openly, the Portuguese dis-dain their white African neighbors as uncultured racists. They are all held together by a single but powerful fear: that they will be engulfed by a black tide.

ROGER M. WILLIAMS

aganda network in the United States, American public sentiment is largely apathetic. Most interested Americans are liberal—that is, pro-black. But Washington's official feelings are tempered by Britain's, which are in turn tempered by the high British economic profile in South Africa and a powerful racist lobby at Westminster. However, were it not for the current congressional climate against even non-combative military assistance, a "mutual" defense agreement with Zambia and Botswana, and perhaps with Swaziland and Lesotho, would be one more way the United States could give pause to the saber rattlers in Pretoria. Franco-British involvement in the South African arms traffic points to the need for a countervailing U.S. role accenting reform.

U.S. POLICY in Africa should certainly not merely compete with China's. The premise should be that America's stake in Africa is long term, not short; it is black and indigenous, not white and settler. America's closest African allies feel the same about southern Africa as does the blackest Marxist. All moves should emphasize America's dedication to the area's future freedom.

The expected build-up of resistance activity in the Seventies will probably drive most white Rhodesian settlers to South Africa. Thus, black-Rhodesian independence under representative government should pose no historic problem. At the same time, Portugal, like France in Algeria, will finally reach a breaking point. It is South Africa that is the long-term policy issue. What should U.S. policy there be? What sort of South Africa should Americans look toward and support?

Perhaps the single greatest weakness in U.S. policy statements, up to now, has been the fanciful assumption that the eventual goal will be an egalitarian, multiracial South Africa. In this ideal state, non-Africans will have surrendered their economic superiority and will have agreed that all presently white schools, residential areas, and so on, will become 80 percent African, Colored (Eurafrican), and Asian.

IN REALITY, however, any reforms accepted by South Africa from its present position of power are likely to be trivial—as current minimeasures on black employment imply. If the master-slave system faced defeat by revolt, international pressure, or both, South Africa's whites would prefer an all-white enclave to a larger, racially integrated nation; and black leaders, in victory, could probably not sell equality for whites to their followers, either. The Chinese, who are not an integrationist people themselves, presumably have less difficulty than Americans do in recognizing these political realities.

Russell Warren Howe
"Point Man"—*A guerrilla scout on lookout for patrols in northern Rhodesia.*

A final, personal note: This correspondent has long felt that South Africa will follow the Indian subcontinent's road to partition. In fact, the semisecret Broederbond, to which virtually all leading Afrikaners belong, sees partition as the ideal outcome. Assuming that partition is to be something imposed by whites, the Broederbond has suggested leaving the Africans some limited area like Natal. Conversely, if blacks, who are the majority population, imposed a solution, they would obviously give most of the country to themselves. Those white settlers who decided to remain might conceivably be offered the province to which their immigrant community has some historic claim—the Western Cape. A reasonable U.S. policy would look toward this sort of practical solution—and eventually, perhaps, help to mediate its peaceful achievement. □

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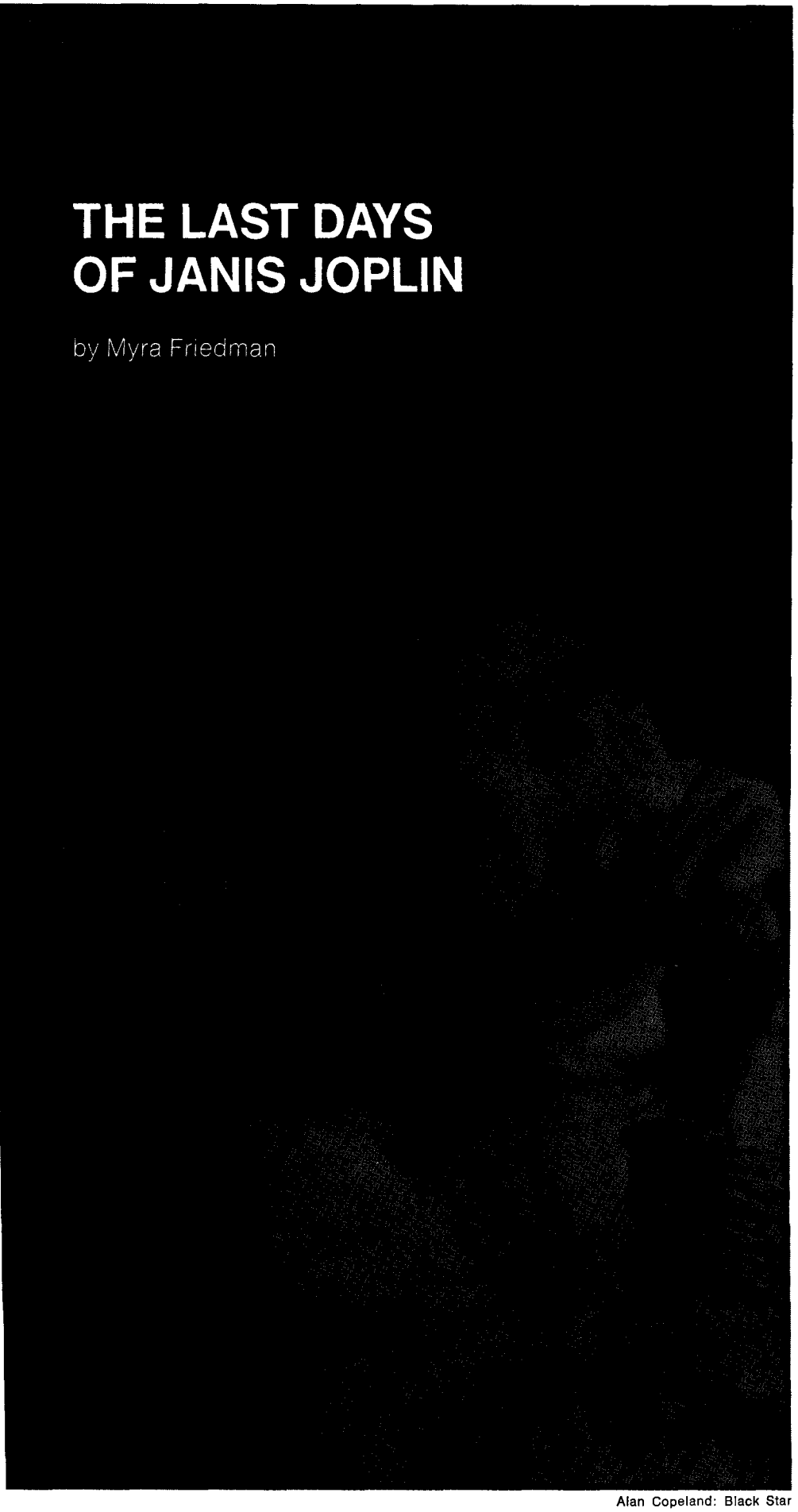
THE LAST DAYS OF JANIS JOPLIN

by Myra Friedman



Alan Copeland: Black Star

Janis Joplin, who died of an overdose of drugs in 1970, was the most important female popular singer of her generation—the late-Sixties generation whose rock music was the sound of America. In that turbulent era she was a heroine of the counterculture as well as a performer of awesome talent. To her legion of followers, she was simply "Janis," a small-town Texas girl with the face of a teen-ager and the voice of a full-blooded woman. It was a dark, gutsy voice with a debt to blues singers past, but more vibrant and freewheeling.

Each of Janis Joplin's four Columbia Records albums grossed more than a million dollars in sales, and a number of her singles—"Me and Bobby McGee" and "Mercedes-Benz"—are contemporary classics. As an in-person performer she ranked with the leading pop and rock attractions of the day and commanded as high as $50,000 a concert. But the bigger she became, the more troubled, then agonized, she became, in a replay of a syndrome all too common in the modern entertainment world. She went down, at the age of twenty-seven, in a morass of alcohol, drugs, sexual compulsiveness, and a pitiful uncertainty about who or what she really was.

The disintegration of Janis Joplin has been chronicled by Myra Friedman, who was one of her closest friends and also handled her publicity. Miss Friedman's biography of Joplin, *Buried Alive*, will be published by William Morrow and Company next month. In the sections of the book excerpted here, Miss Friedman describes—with an insider's anguish as well as an outsider's detachment—the tragedy that ended in sudden death in a Los Angeles motel room. It is a story of one highly talented American, and of the America in which she lived and died. The Editors

June 25, 1970

We sat at a Greenwich Village bar called Remington's, Janis, myself, and a boyfriend of hers named Toby Ross. The band members had gone back to the hotel, to the movies, to dinner. We would meet them later at the Number One Fifth Avenue Hotel to watch the telecast of "The Dick Cavett Show," on which Janis had been a guest.

Janis was prattling lightly, referring

Myra Friedman was born and raised in St. Louis, Missouri. She majored in music at Northwestern University, worked with Decca Records and then with Columbia Records for five years as a writer. In 1968 she went to work as a publicist for Janis Joplin's manager, Albert Grossman, and remained there until Janis's death in October 1970.

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to the show, jabbering about her pleasure with the band, and dropping it to Toby that, yummy, there'd been this "pretty boy" earlier in the week and that "pretty boy" the next night. "Oooo-ooo-ooooeeee," she squirmed, and Toby sat enchanted. Occasionally she commented about her drinking, her words flippant, but her eyes tightening painfully. She talked about her career, and her voice dipped bleak and hoarse as she mentioned a once-famous singer who was now forced to take whatever she could get, was singing in some dive Janis thought to be in Texas, and what if it would come to that for her? "Never," she mused. "Never."

She had two drinks before dinner, three with a light salad. She jumped up to call her roommate and scampered back to say that her dogs were fine but missed her. Then she sighed, "My mother's gonna kill me for what I said about Port Arthur." (Janis had announced on the show that she was going home for her high school reunion: "They laughed me out of Port Arthur, they laughed me out of the state," adding with an evil chuckle, "and now I'm goin' home!") She went to phone her parents and talked to them for twenty minutes. Back at the table, she said, "The Cavett show doesn't get seen down there, thank God!"

Janis belted down about five more drinks before we left the bar. By then she was severely depressed and hideously drunk. When we reached her room, she passed out cold on the bed. One by one the members of her band came in. Janis came to, in time to watch the telecast. Afterward we took off for another bar, called Nobody's. Janis got very drunk all over again and went for another "pretty young boy." The wretchedness in her gray, sad eyes was unbearable. That night I believe she went home alone.

Janis's call that evening to Port Arthur was not unusual. She'd never lost touch with her parents; if anything, she was phoning them more than ever during the last months of her life. Those calls were memorable to Mrs. Joplin; Janis claimed she was severely exhausted. As Mrs. Joplin told it to me, Janis would repeatedly say, "Mother, I'm so tired . . . I'm just so *tired*." Mrs. Joplin would advise her, "Janis, why don't you just work less. The money has never mattered to you." And Janis would reply, "Well, no, but it matters to them."

Of course, it just wasn't true that the money didn't matter to Janis, and it wasn't true that she was the victim of an entity *them*, working her into the ground against her will. . . . The almost inhuman schedule she'd kept all through 1969 had been a result of her own demands. At one point she'd even dragged me into the booking situation with this order: "You tell Albert [Albert Grossman, her manager] and you tell Bert Block [his partner] that I wanna work every single date they can get me! Maybe they think I can't do it, but I can!" The amount of bookings could be overwhelming, and still she protested that they were not sufficient. Part of the reason (though only part) had been money. What Janis said to her mother was dishonest when it came to that, and the entire wording was a detour from what was troubling her. But the torment and conflict were tearing her apart. No wonder she was exhausted.

Furthermore, her career appeared, at the time, to be in jeopardy, and the small attendance at several badly promoted concerts in the Midwest was the least of it. It had nothing to do with the music. Janis was very much affected by the deterioration occurring in the rock scene as a whole. Large concerts had become, in many instances, the setting for bad vibrations and sometimes violence. The Altamont festival had featured murder. The drug situation had worsened. Audiences were no longer restricting themselves to grass but were popping reds, blues, and yellows the way health-food enthusiasts down vitamins. Heroin had become downright faddish, and the mood of the country had changed, reflecting little fondness for the members of Woodstock Nation.

Janis's Tampa arrest for "indecent language," the previous year, was now giving her difficulty. Above all, her exhortations to get audiences on their feet were frightening promoters, and while the whole matter got a great deal more menacing later in the summer, she was already having trouble getting bookings for the fall and winter. Had Janis lived, her album entitled *Pearl* would certainly have affected that trend, the promise of huge box-office receipts making promoters much more amenable to taking chances. Even so, more restraint would have been required in Janis's stage demeanor. And that summer she was faced with the prospect of performing without that frenzied response. Janis, it was demanded, must keep her audiences under control.

There's a lyric in "Half-Moon" that goes like this, as John and Johanna Hall originally wrote it:

You move me like the mountains,
yeah, yeah
You fill me like the sea

Janis changed it:

Fill me like the mountains
*Fill me like the sea**

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No man, she would say, could ever give her that, the running down the aisles, the jumping onstage, the clasping for a touch of her hands, the screams for more, the *rush*, the *filling*, the geyser of love, utterly unapproachable except in that grand reciprocal swallowing, Janis of the audience and the audience of her, the cosmic moment to dispel her Kozmic Blues.

That visible hysteria now must cease,

Diana Davies

Needing to be onstage—"the cosmic moment to dispel her Kozmic Blues."

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and she was tremendously threatened. But there was the career itself. The loss of that was just as threatening. There was the gratification from the artistic growth and the conflict of hanging on to all that opposed it. There was the house she was struggling to get out of while its bricks were getting higher and higher. She was threatened by "Pearl" and unable to discard her. She was threatened by drinking, threatened by stopping. She was threatened by sycophants and terrified to dismiss them. She was threatened by the very continuance of her career—the *price* of it—and threatened to set herself at sea. She didn't want to quit. And she did. She was lonely. She'd always been lonely. It was becoming worse.

That spring in California Janis had done a few odd things, apart from the partying and carrying on. She had proposed quite seriously to a musician who was already happily married. Nor was he someone with whom she was having an affair. The man's wife was also a friend of Janis. That was typical. Janis wanted something. (Oh! Would it bother your wife?) Gently reminded of the facts, she dropped her pursuit but went on to make proposals to others. By summer, marriage was frequently on her mind.

One afternoon that June . . . , she was having a drink with her song publisher Sam Gordon. He'd been complaining about life in suburbia.

"Ya wanna know something?" Janis cried. "Just give me an old man that comes home, like when he splits at nine I know he's gonna be back at six for me and only me, and I'll take that shit with the two garages and the two TVs."

"Janis! You gotta be kidding!"

"No, I'm not, man," she said. "I'm not kidding at all. . . ."

A little while later, I came downstairs from the office and was just walking across the street as Janis came out of the bar. She was done up like a goddamn flower-shop window. The bracelets were prancing all over her arms. The feathers were squirting around in the air; the gold sandals were squooshing on the street; her vest was sparkling, her pants were gleaming, and she had those two awful blotches of rouge on her cheeks.

On the sidewalk right in front of the office building there was a man in a clown costume, collecting money for a children's hospital. He had on a wild jumpsuit. His face was clown-painted, with a huge, white nose and a circle of smashing red around his mouth. Janis hopped toward him and stopped.

"Hawww, hawww, hee, hee," she cackled and pointed at his face.

The clown looked her up and down, chortled madly, and pointed right back. People walked by and gawked.

Clutching her stomach, Janis howled, "I bet I get paid more for my gig than you do!"

Then Janis and the clown just jumped around laughing. They were laughing to beat the band.

August 1, 1970

At Remington's everyone horsed around. We ordered a lot of food and a lot of drinks, but the high had been too much, the laughs teetering on a mountaintop weighted a little too long on one side. I had simply had it; my mood was sinking, mostly from watching and listening to Janis. As the hour got later and with no way to sustain the night's earlier pace, she was again becoming depressed. She was also extremely drunk—and was beginning to talk in a very peculiar voice.

It was supposed to be an imitation of actor Michael Pollard or W. C. Fields or some friend of hers in San Francisco she had told me about. Starting that spring Janis had taken to doing that when she got drunk or just when she was being "Pearl." Her voice would get sort of nasal. She would take the consonants and, like a pliers, use them to compress her vowels right out of her words. So a word such as *happy* would come out "hpy," or *sad* would sound as "sd." Almost the only vowel sound would be "oh," which would come out in a whistled "ooo" rhyming with *you*, except it was "yewwwww." All of her words would chug around in a singsong intonation, jumping from a low garble to a nervous treble squeak. Just a tinge of that phony voice crept in to make even sadder the tough-babe stage raps recorded on the *Joplin in Concert* album. That is because it increased or lessened depending on the amount of alcohol in her system and how much wretchedness possessed her.

Right then, Janis was very drunk and utterly despondent, speaking in that voice to a marvelously gracious Tuesday Weld [the movie actress] who all evening had made no point of her own celebrity.

"I'm a big star," Janis was telling her, "and I can't even get laid." It was bad enough, but it came out, "I'm a bg str'n' I cn't evn gt ld."

. . . No one except Tuesday seemed to notice—which was typical. After a while Janis stumbled over to the bartender and

FROM JANIS TO "PEARL"

Sometime in the spring of 1970 Janis had given herself another name—Pearl. It began as a joke or, at most, a playful fantasy. A honky-tonk woman should have a honky-tonk name, with a honky-tonk getup to match: feathers, rouge, and bracelets.

Yet for the entire time of her career (and before), there'd been a great deal more involved in her game, of which Pearl was only the climax, than would apply, say, in the case of most other celebrities. Except for the representatives of the "new Hollywood," who are just another contingent of the rock culture in the first place, most stars are not bitten by the compulsion to be real anyway. Like politicians, those old Hollywood fossils field their mythologies with distance, "onstage" when required, retreating, when opportunity so affords, to a private role with a fairly comfortable awareness of the difference. Nor are their fictions so hazardous to begin with.

BUT PEARL WAS another story: a hard-drinking-swearing-always-partying make-it-with-anybody-get-it-off-stay-stoned-keep-on-rocking floozy, flourishing under the tyranny of an applause that didn't come just from the galleries. And still, lurking like an amorphous ghost behind that "public" persona, there was another Janis, in that last year asserting herself in equally clear definition but thriving in an isolation as scaldingly painful as the most solitary of prison confinements. No loud cheers for *that* girl, bored with the dreariness of the turnover in her bed, weak from the shallow laughter, rebelling against the regalia of hipness surrounding her, and sick to death of being drunk. There seemed, in fact, little recognition of her existence. Well, Janis knew who would applaud what.

AS FOR HER role switching, it took place with an alarming quickness, her adaptations to the demands of the moment smooth to the point of being almost undetectable. Symbolically, I found the "Pearl" business just too eerie. Actually, none of Janis's friends bestowed her with that name very often, but I refused to call her anything but Janis and sometimes J.J. After her death I thought the name Pearl appropriately poignant. While she lived I couldn't stand it. The schism in her personality was quite visible enough, exceeding anything that could be construed as the common contradictions in human nature. As far as I was concerned, hers needed no embellishment to suggest the ominous coexistence of two entirely different people locked in the tortuous movement of a weird fugal dance. M.F.

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said, "Whr' 're all the prtty yng boys? I wanna gt ld." She was far too drunk to be reachable. I excused myself from the table and went home, feeling heartsick and indescribably helpless.

The next day, a friend who'd not been at Remington's ran into Janis walking alone on the street in front of the Chelsea Hotel. "Where can I get breakfast and a drink?" she said. It was 9:30 in the morning.

We returned that night to Forest Hills for a rain-date show performance. The evening started out with a dynamite spat between Janis and John Cooke, her road manager. That was not particularly uncommon. Frequently, a screaming match between the two would be followed—after John's infuriated departure—by Janis's ecstatic cry, "I love it! I love it!" This time, however, Janis was holding up the limousines parked in front of the Chelsea, waiting for some creep she wanted to bring along to the concert. She'd found him at Nobody's or in the Chelsea Hotel lobby or someplace, and he was a cocaine nut. . . . He had filthy hair, jumpy black eyes, and slimy narrow features. I thought him the worst of Janis's street finds and made some gurgling sound of disgust to myself. Nor did Janis really want him, but she wanted the coke; she had some idea that it would counteract the deadening effects of the alcohol she was consuming daily in ever-increasing quantity. She was not really one for cocaine, though she got a sniff or two off him before we left. . . .

August 8, 1970

Janis was booked for two shows at a theater in suburban Port Chester. By the time we reached the hall she was feeling slightly better. She agreed that we'd had to get there early and seemed resigned, with less anger for the moment, to the fact that there were hours ahead before the evening would end. . . . It was obvious also that the sound would be excellent, as it so rarely was. One of the band members was at the piano, improvising. Janis sat on a stool next to the piano, smiling sweetly as she listened. The reality, the *truth* of her in her plain, purple dress, was overwhelming.

The sound check completed, we packed into the limos to find a place to eat dinner. Janis sat in the front; actor Rip Torn, his wife, actress Geraldine Page, and myself in the back. Shifting around to face us, Janis began talking about her manager, whizzing off in a non-stop monologue that seemed to rush up from nowhere.

"I'll do anything he tells me. Anything. It's yes, Albert, no Albert, anything you say, Albert. . . . He told me not to wear dresses onstage; I stopped wearing dresses. . . . He told me not to carry a bottle onstage. I said, 'Okay, okay, I'll drink from a cup.' We were driving toward Cincinnati and the concert wasn't sold out and I didn't know if it was canceled because the promoter didn't tell us what was happening so we stopped on the road and John Cooke called Albert and then I talked to Albert and it was, but, Albert, no, Albert, yes, Albert, what, what, yes, no, Albert. But. Yes. Yes. Okay, Albert. Anything you say." She took a breath and faced front again. "And that's the way it is," she sighed.

As we rolled into the main part of town, she pointed out the window and chuckled, "Oh, let's eat *there*!" . . . The other limo pulled up, and we all trouped into this joint she'd picked called The Terminal Bar and Restaurant.

Janis remained at the table, possibly for twenty minutes. But the misery was stuck to her like flypaper. She left without touching her food and walked back to the theater alone.

At the hall an hour later I found her in a dingy dressing room, one of three ill-lit cubicles on the second level of the building. The floor had the smell of a wet cigar butt chewed on for a week.

Still wearing her simple purple dress, she was sitting in a soiled red chair and reading. I hesitated at the door.

"Okay," she said gloomily. "It's okay. Come on in. I don't know, Myra. I just can't take it anymore."

"Then *quit*, Janis."

She said nothing but reached over to a shelf opposite the chair and picked up a quart of Southern Comfort, a loving gift from a loving fan. The bottle was unopened. "I can't drink," she groaned. "Not this early. I'll get too crocked." Her voice became strident again. "I wanna know why I'm playing this dump, why I'm doing two shows, and I'm goddamn sick and tired of Seatrain being on my bill all the time. I don't give a goddamn if they're good. They're *always* on my show. I'm being used and I don't like it. Is Bennett [her manager's partner] gonna be here tonight?"

"I guess so."

"Well, I wanna see him! You tell him to get up here when you find him. I want an answer to this crap! That house isn't even half full!". . .

. . . "Hey Janis," I said. "You dig John Hall, and Johanna's here. Why don't we go downstairs and hear his set?"

"Yeah, all right." She put the bottle back on the shelf. Sticking the book in her bag, she placed it in a corner of the chair.

As she walked into the corridor, I lingered for a second and glanced in her bag to see what she'd been reading. It turned out to be some philosophy anthology, but I didn't want her to see me looking, so I quickly slipped it back and followed her out of the room.

Gene Anthony: Black Star

"Roaring like a hopped-up carburetor."

Janis was standing in the wings downstairs, still in her little dress. Johanna kissed her on the cheek. After a while Janis sighed, "Well, I have to go and change into Janis Joplin. She's upstairs in a box!"

She returned, a marbleized package with a sizzling array of boa feathers slightly askew on her head. Onstage she stood very quietly, looking down at her feet. She paced around in back of the mike, then whirled around and grabbed it. "This song calls for a little audience participation," she announced. Her face turned up transformed, and the

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body began to roll and bend, she clapped her hands, d-boom, d-boom, that corrugated rumble rose out of her, wicked, tough, gutty. . . .

You say that it's over baby
Ya say that it's over now
And still you hang around, now come on
*Won't you move over**

I could recall only a few renditions of "Ball and Chain," going back to the early days with Big Brother, that approached Janis's performances that night. Her voice had nuance and stretch from every shriek, moan, and shudder, the brilliant sparks from the fume of an intensity quivering up from her toes. She pounded on through the rockers, roaring like a hopped-up carburetor about to explode in its heat. In the sweep of the slower songs, her throat opened in a liquid lament shaped with consummate authority . . . a wailing rainbow of pitches. Who could fathom the source of that sound? It was an hour of sheer glory, and almost dreadful, moving from that fantastic sex into a migration of feeling so shattering that it seemed to take her and suspend her, irrecoverable, from a paradise of grief.

As awed as I'd been, I was also irritated, because Janis, in her raps with the audience, had talked again in that pinched inflection, spattered full of those noxious squeaks. The several times I'd said something, she'd been defensive, to put it mildly. "The hell with that," I thought. "I'm gonna tell her again. That's the whole trouble. Nobody ever says a goddamn thing!"

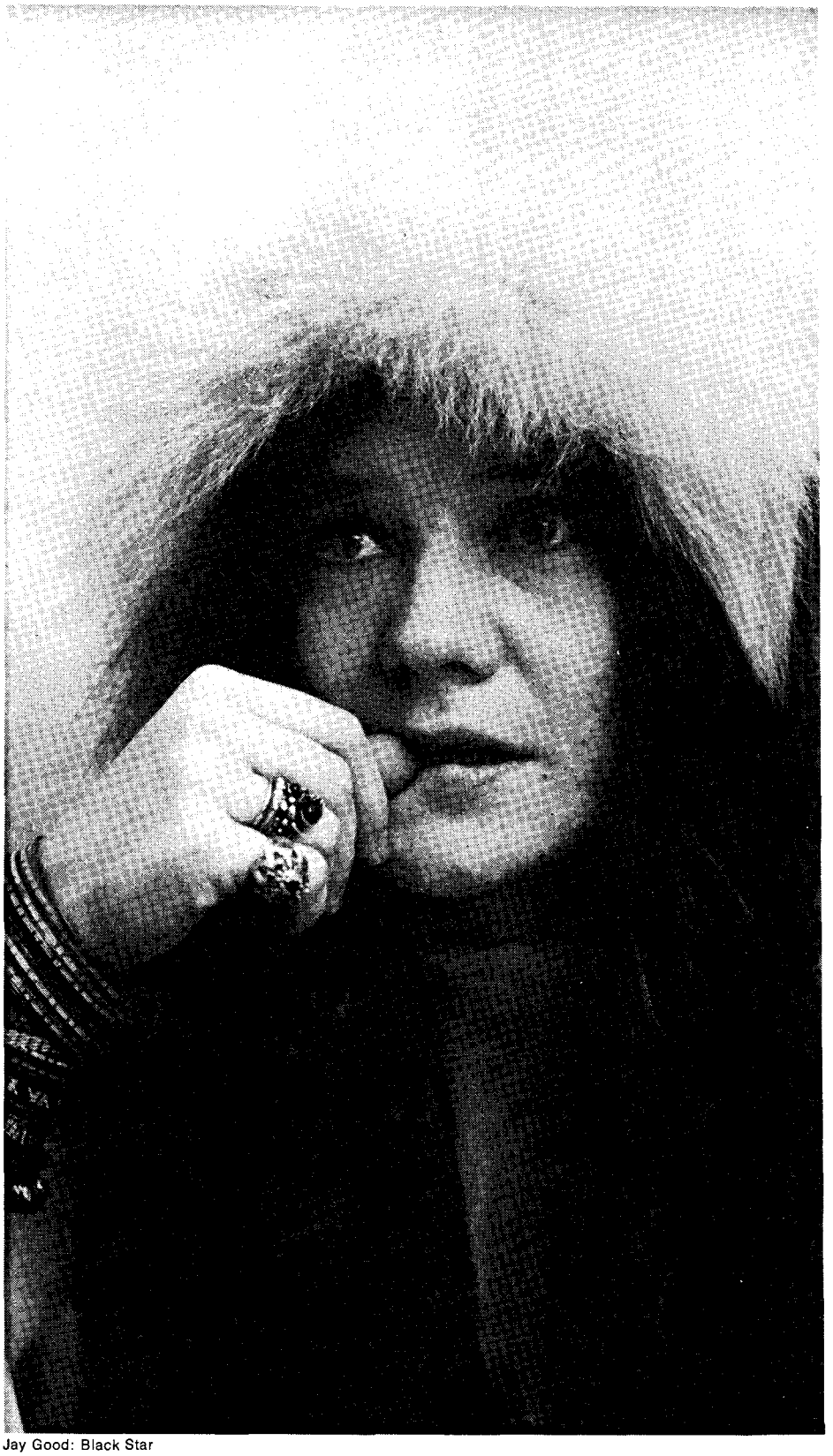
Trembling and pale, Janis was huddled in a dressing-room chair. Her feathers had been replaced by a towel wrapped turban-fashion around her head. She looked no less forlorn than she had two hours before. A stream of people came filing up the stairs to congratulate her on her performance. The Torns, of course, were there; Geraldine Page went into the room and threw her arms around her. Temporarily rejuvenated, Janis stepped out into the hall. Mobility showed on her face, and her eyes were wide as she cried excitedly, "Do you know what she said to me? She said, 'Janis, most performers give just a fraction of themselves. I can't remember the last time I saw one who gave everything they had!' She said that to me! Geraldine Page said that!" By now she was beaming and jumping around, a whirl of animation. "Come on, everybody!" she shouted. "Let's get it together! Where's the nearest bar?"

The Torns had to leave. The remainder of our crew sailed off to a gin mill on the corner. When we were seated and drinks had been ordered, I said to Janis, "Listen. She's right. You've never been better. I just wish you'd pay attention to me about talking that way. You don't need stuff like that. It's phony."

Gulping on her vodka and orange juice, Janis said sarcastically, "*You're* not the public. *He's* the public." She pointed at John Fischer [her limousine driver], who was sitting across the table, happily high and, as usual, totally agreeable. "You're the public, aren't you, John?"

"Yeah," he giggled.

"Well, wh't do you thnk of th' way I tlk? I mn whn I do this?"



Jay Good: Black Star

"She was lonely. She's always been lonely. It was becoming worse."

* "Move Over," words and music by Janis Joplin. © 1971 by Strong Arm Music. Used by permission. All rights reserved

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"Oh, it's groovy, Janis!" John answered. "I dig it! Anything you do is terrific!"

"See," she said to me, "he's the public and he likes it."

"I don't give a damn if he's the public," I said, "or if he *thinks* he's the public, or if *you* think he's the public, or even if the public likes it! It's lousy!"

Surprisingly, Janis didn't get angry, though she refused to continue the conversation and went on downing her drinks. The table, in the meantime, became quite crowded. People were hopping all over the place in a bizarre game of musical chairs, which spared everyone the strain of talking to each other for long. There was, however, a lot of laughter, with spirits up, those served and those affected. Before we left the bar, Janis added the last verse to her famous *a cappella* "Mercedes-Benz":

Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town?
I'm counting on you Lord, please don't let me down
Prove that you love me and buy the next round
*Oh Lord, won't you buy me a night on the town?**

Back at the theater, Janis looked crestfallen. "I thought you felt better," I said. Ruefully, she scowled, "I'll feel better in hell."

September 1970

Janis went to Los Angeles the first week of September to begin recording her fourth album for Columbia Records. She stayed at the Landmark Hotel, as did all the members of the band and her road crew. The recording sessions were a strain but no more so than had been expected. Moreover, it was clear that the potential was there for an album of a quality beyond anything Janis had previously achieved. The last concerts in August had drawn large crowds. She had also met a young man whom she planned to marry. She had not used dope since April 1970. Her despondency of the months before had lifted. It was then, when the conditions of her life were most hopeful, that, three weeks before she died, she picked up the needle again. . . .

A record of the calls Janis made on Saturday, October 3, was kept at the Landmark desk. The first was to City Hall, presumably to inquire about a marriage license. There could have been no other reason. City Hall, of course, wasn't open; she would have to try on Monday. That day, too, she called a seamstress who was making her some clothes. Her second call, however, was to the connection, whom she failed to reach. Twice more she phoned him. On the last call, she was successful. She had perhaps a little dope on hand, and maybe even none. By that time, her habit had surely grown; probably she was edgy. Her roommate spoke to Janis several times that Saturday. Janis told her she'd gotten more dope but also some Dolophine to stop. That may or may not have been true. No Dolophine was found in her room, no methadone in her bloodstream. A wish to stop would seem indicated, however, in her reference to getting the pills.

Some time that afternoon the connection came to the hotel, and one could have high praise for his goods by the measure of quality. He left Janis a supply of heroin that was very special, being exceedingly pure. Having used it for only three weeks, in all those months, her tolerance would not have been very high.

At an undetermined hour before evening, she shot up. What she put into her vein at that time may have been cooked from some smack she'd had before. It may have been what he brought her. But Janis, due to be at the studio, would be particularly cautious in any event, using less than usual, not wanting her energy affected, as was her pattern in the past. . . .

That night, after the recording session, most of the band took off in the truck they called "the boogie wagon." Janis hopped into her Porsche with her organist, Ken Pearson, and some other fellow, who tagged along. She waved good-by to the others and, with Pearson, zipped off to Barney's Beanery for a drink. At the bar she drank vodka and orange juice, only two. The fellow who tagged along pestered her with some questions about her singing style and such. Janis paid little attention and spoke only with Ken.

"Did *you* play that?" she asked him, when she heard one of her hits on the juke box.

"Well, yeah," he admitted.

"Shit!" she said. "I wish someone else had done it."

They left Barney's Beanery and headed back to the hotel. As Ken recalled it, Janis talked excitedly about some of the cuts for the album and wanted only assurance that everyone in the band was as fond of her as she of them. She stated her affection for the band several times. "If any of you guys ever leave me, I'll kill ya," she said. Her talk, however, was geared to the future, her demeanor charming and warm. It was October 4, approximately 12:30 A.M., Ken believes, when they reached the Landmark and Janis went alone to her room.

The rush could only have been jolting, given the purity of the smack she sent through her vein with the jab of that needle.

When Janis was through, she apparently dropped the balloon of heroin in the wastebasket. She put the works in a Chinese box and placed it neatly in a drawer. Janis usually left it on the night table. Those gestures could reliably be taken to mean she really intended that hit to be the last and wanted no reminders in the morning. *That* time, she meant to stop. There is something about the magic of mornings. Rebirth with the pale-blue dawn.

The heroin in her system might have killed her immediately. It did not. When, after a while, she walked out to the lobby, she could not have known she was dying. There she chatted with the hotel clerk for a second and asked him to change a five-dollar bill for cigarettes, which she purchased.

Then she walked back to her room. Closing the door, she stepped forward a foot or two and fell, like a puppet hurled down or kicked over. □

* "Oh Lord, Won't You Buy Me a Mercedes-Benz," words and music by Janis Joplin, Bob Neuwirth, and Michael McClure. © 1971 by Strong Arm Music. Used by permission. All rights reserved

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STRANGERS IN THE WORLD COMMUNITY

by Harold Taylor

An acute parochialism today affects many American students whose attitudes toward world affairs are oversimplified and whose organizations are increasingly out of touch with the international student movement.

Few people remember the 1966 International Education Act, one of the finest pieces of legislation ever to go through Congress. It was intended to do away with the national parochialism prevalent in American education and to pool American resources with those of other nations in developing a world educational system. The act was forgotten during 1967–1968—a victim, like so many progressive American ideas, of the Vietnam war. Although the legislation passed, with strong supporting rhetoric from Lyndon Johnson, the monetary appropriations went to war. U.S. internationalism degenerated into a series of bilateral deals and boasts about not becoming a second-class power or a pitiful helpless giant. Under the new parochialism, moral sensibility became a sign of weakness.

Today's students may not recall that in 1967 it was disclosed that the CIA was the main source of funds for the international program of the National Student Association—a revelation from which the American student movement has never fully recovered. Not only did it destroy the credibility of the NSA in international student affairs, but it undermined belief in the honesty of purpose and political integrity of many other organizations connected with cultural and social affairs abroad, including the Peace Corps, the Fulbright Scholarship program, the World University Service, and even American universities with foreign-study programs. When the scandal surfaced and NSA officers refused to accept further government support, a study group headed by Dean Rusk was formed by the government to find alternate and above-board means of support for international student activities. The Rusk group developed some fairly good proposals, one of which was to form a group similar to the National Science Foundation, with non-government board members setting policy.

None of the proposals were carried out. Like the International Education Act, they too were forgotten, leaving the American international student movement to sink or swim. Since that time it has mostly been sinking. The major foundations have backed away from international education and, in any case, have seldom given support directly to student organizations. They prefer to make their grants to the regular academic bodies for research and area studies.

Because of the lack of funds, the NSA, along with other student organizations, has been unable to send delegates to international student conferences, develop programs and a staff, or organize research and study groups in world affairs, and has lost touch with the international student movement. The American student body now has little access to the world student community. Although there has been an increase in the number of foreign study centers around the world sponsored by American universities for their own students and although the number of students abroad has increased annually since 1967, the links to organized student groups in foreign countries have been weakened to the point of disaster.

THERE IS A PARADOX in this situation. Never before have so many members of the American student body been more conscious of the United States in world affairs or more aware of world problems, from racism and poverty to war and planetary pollution. The mass media and the Vietnam war have seen to that. Yet this is also a time when an extreme parochialism affects many American students in terms of their attitude toward world affairs and their knowledge of the lives and problems of people in other countries. They are absorbed in the American consciousness, a consciousness of America in the world and of themselves in relation to America. As a result, politically minded students tend to oversimplify the world order by blaming the United States and the major powers for perpetuating the problems. The students assume that they are caused by institutions and forces that serve the interests of those in power and that students and citizens in general can exert no influence on them.

"Institutional racism," "structural violence," "the war machine," and "American imperialism" are terms students have learned to use as a vocabulary of criticism, not as analytic instruments for understanding the process by which racism, mass violence, and economic exploitation have come to exist.

Underneath it all is a pervasive anti-institutionalism. To be against institutions of all kinds—whether the United Nations, public schools, or marriage—is to gain a certain status as a non-conformist while, at the same time, having a perpetual, all-purpose alibi. Then whatever happens to oneself, one's friends, and humanity in general becomes the result of bureaucratization in a huge, inhumane society and world order that crush the individual: It is "they" who are doing it to "us." The options, as some students see them, are either to move out of the reach of bureaucracies, into sheltered places, or to remain in society while raising the level of denunciation.

TO BE SURE, those who look at the world through its institutional forms—from General Motors to the city government of New York—have reason to accept despair as a normal way of thinking. But with respect to the problem of American students in international student affairs, there are institutional efforts that can and should be made. The first is to start a radical reconstruction of American teaching programs in international relations, education, and world affairs. We need to get rid of the idea that we have taught students to understand world affairs when we have fitted them up with a set of abstractions.

The institutions of politics and education do exist around the world and will go on existing in one form or another. The form the institution takes is a response to the actions of political and social movements.

Harold Taylor is project director of the World University Student Project.

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In Finland, for example, the Finnish Student Union organized a conference in Helsinki in 1970 to make plans for international student strategy in support of African liberation. So has the International Student Movement for the United Nations, with branches in forty-two countries. The student movement in Spain has organized strikes and protests against acts of the Spanish government in repressing freedom in the Spanish universities.

American students need accurate information on the activities of their counterparts in other countries. A preliminary survey of the world student movement shows that in 1972 there were student protests, strikes, demonstrations, or educational/social actions in fifty-nine different countries. Little of this is known among American students and faculty members. Yet if we want students to understand the reality of world problems, they will have to understand the reality of the situations in which other students and citizens around the world now find themselves. The causes of social disorder and the world revolution in social affairs can be traced in classrooms by professors. But disorder and revolution are also reflected in students' responses to their own immediate social and national situations; students are indicators, as well as agents, of social change.

When antiwar Vietnamese studying in the United States were ordered home by their government last year and United States AID officials terminated the grants that made possible the students' stay in this country, only a handful of American students knew about the situation or were prepared to organize action on behalf of the Vietnamese. This was mainly due to the fact that there are so few reliable ways in which information about students from other countries can be disseminated throughout the American student community. Except for the NSA, with less than 400 affiliated colleges and universities, there are few organized national student groups through which action can be taken.

During the past year I have been struck by this fact at international meetings and conferences of educators and social activists. With the exception of five or six experienced representatives of American-based international organizations, the American students were either volunteer participants who had the funds to pay their own way to the meeting or were studying abroad and interested in attending.

Their contribution mainly consisted of strong anti-institutional statements about education and social change, ringing attacks on U.S. actions in Vietnam and at home, the usual warnings about ecological disasters, and demands that education be freed from the grip of the academic authorities. The authorities, they said, had reduced education to nothing but verbal exercises at a time when students needed an exploration of their own consciousness and of the meaning of world revolution. The students' speeches were undigested Buckminster Fuller with an overlay of Marcuse and Esalen.

The students seldom addressed themselves to the concerns of the other conference members, most of whom already agreed with much of what they had to say but did not want to hear it all over again. They had worked it out for themselves, and as international activists and intellectuals, they wanted to get on with the business of doing something about the problems.

"To be against institutions of all kinds—whether the United Nations, public schools, or marriage—is to gain a certain status as a non-conformist while, at the same time, having a perpetual, all-purpose alibi."

I am not sure what the American students learned from their experience abroad, but whatever it was, there was little possibility that the content, atmosphere, and conclusions of the conferences would be brought back in accurate form to the American student body. The structure for doing that simply does not exist, nor have most students been prepared by their American education or by experience in the radical movement to carry out tasks of that sort on their own initiative.

Organizations where students run their own affairs, whatever else they do, provide a breeding ground for educational talent and an experience that formal, institutional education cannot offer. Why is it not possible, within the present foreign-studies programs and international-relations courses, to make the American and world-student movement a direct part of what students learn?

There are now enough non-resident terms in the American university curriculum to make that a practical enterprise, and there are enough students from this country who travel abroad as part of their work in college to form new kinds of institutional arrangements for learning elsewhere in the world. Why couldn't there be a series of regional conferences and consortium programs for returning students through which they could pool the ideas and information brought home from their work with counterparts in other countries?

Why is it not possible for American students to be prepared in advance for cooperation with student groups abroad, so that they could, in some sense, act as representatives of the American student body and be informed about the student bodies of the countries in which they study? This would mean, first of all, that they would have to learn more about what is happening in the American student movement and the educational system, which would in itself be a contribution to their own education. The 140,000 foreign students in the colleges and universities of this country are a rich resource for collaboration in studying of world education and in developing a deeper knowledge by American students of the societies and problems of the world order.

Unless something of this sort is done, the burden of producing new leadership among students in the field of international student affairs will continue to fall on student organizations that are underfinanced, understaffed, and rarely directly in touch with the rest of the world or even with the American student body itself. The students do not have the money to support new organizations or even the existing ones; the government and the foundations are not giving it. The colleges and universities are spending their money for a kind of instruction in world affairs that is tangential to the real needs of their students.

What is needed is a shift in the allocation of student and faculty time—a form of money—so that more of it is spent by American students in direct collaboration with students from other countries. The collaboration can range from work in the arts and community service to joint study and action projects on problems of education and social change.

This is not all that is needed, but it will do for a start. From that start it is perfectly possible that new, autonomous student organizations will develop from the experience of collaboration and will combine efforts with existing organizations in this country and abroad. If this does not happen, it is also possible that student organizations in the United States will disappear or become so weak that they might just as well. □

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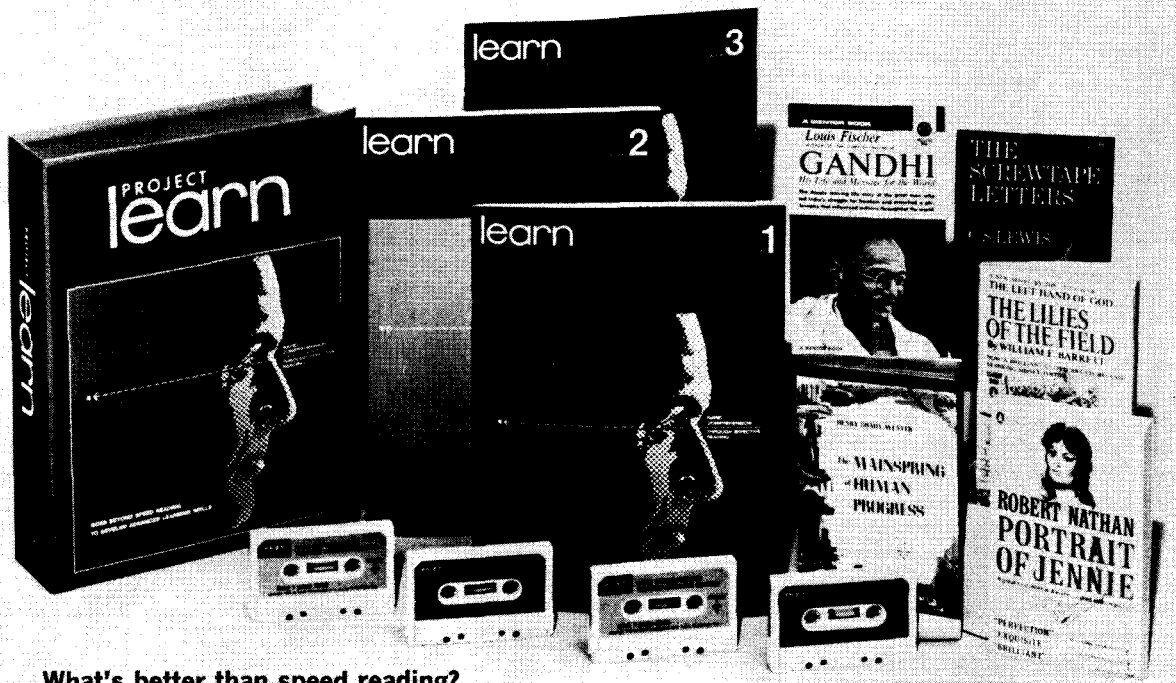

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so smart, such a slow reader?

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RUSSELL G. STAUFFER, originator and research director of this program, is Professor of Education and recipient of the H. Rodney Sharp chair in the College of Education at the University of Delaware, Newark, Delaware. He has been Director of the Reading Study Center at the University since he founded it in 1950. Dr. Stauffer has published numerous articles in professional and trade journals, including a special pamphlet on "Reading, a Thinking Process" for Reader's Digest.

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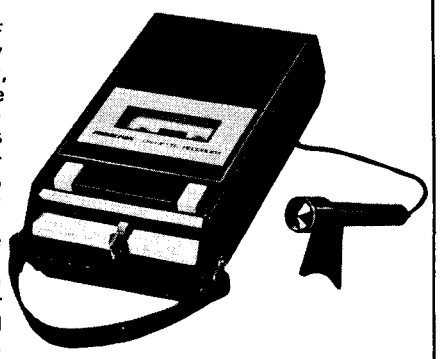

The practice materials taken from newspapers, magazines, books and journals make learning interesting and exciting.

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Geoview

by R. Buckminster Fuller

THINKING OUT LOUD:

We Are Nothing but a Space Program

I want to share with you a little exercise I frequently give myself in order, hopefully, to decondition my subconcious reflexing whenever that reflexing produces spontaneous behavior in ways that we know through experience to be ignorant, inept, irrelevant, and evolution-frustrating. This is my cosmological exercise. I think about the following: The planet Earth is about 8000 miles in diameter. The highest mountain is five miles above sea level. The deepest ocean is five miles below sea level. There is a ten-mile differential between the innermost and outermost aberrations in the spheric surface of our Earth. Ten miles in relation to 8000 miles is 1/800.

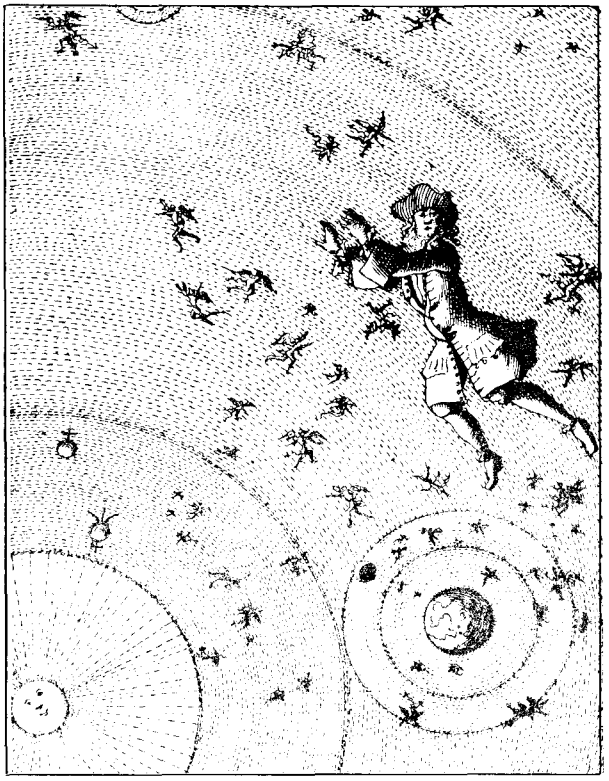
If you take a twelve-inch world globe of polished steel, it probably has greater radial dimension aberration than 1/800 of its diameter. Astronauts cannot see any signs of humans aboard our planet as they approach the Earth from the moon. They do not even see mountains. They see only a polished, color-marbleized ocean and continents' pattern through the dominant cloud cover. The average height of humans of all ages is about five feet. There are approximately 5000 feet in a mile. If 1000 humans made a column by standing on one another's heads, we could make a column about one mile high. If 10,000 of us stood on one another's heads, we could make a column ten miles high. Ten miles is the difference between the deepest ocean and the highest mountain. So you and I, then, are 1/10,000 of invisible on our twelve-inch globe. Now 75 percent of our planet Earth is covered with water and another 20 percent is uninhabited for one "frozen mountain" reason or another. Our 3.6 billion Earthian humans are invisibly secreted in fractional percentages on those little continents, with 6 percent in Central and South America, 8 percent in North America, 10 percent in Africa, 20 percent in Europe, and 56 percent in Asia.

The diameter of the star sun is exactly 100 times that of our 8000-mile-diameter Earth. With an engineer's scale you can see 1/50 of an inch, but you can't see 1/100 of an inch—it is a blur. If you make a little circle of wire one inch in diameter and hold it at arm's length from your eye, you will find that it matches the size of the perimeter of the white-ghost disk of the sun on a day when the sun can be looked at through thin clouds. And so, against that one inch, the 1/100 of an inch that is our Earth's diameter would not be visible.

The star Betelgeuse, in the constellation Orion, has a diameter larger than that of the orbit of the Earth around the sun. Betelgeuse is one of the big stars. Our sun is one of the small stars. There are 100 billion stars in our galaxy. There are a billion other such galaxies within the 22 billion-light-year-diameter sphere of observation of Mount Palomar's 200-inch "reflector." Ninety-nine percent of the 100 quadrillion "known" stars are beyond the range of the naked eye, but altogether they form, in effect, a thickly galactic, spherical-cloud array omnisurrounding us, at whose 66 quintillion-mile-radius center is located our little Milky Way galaxy and, deep within it, our minuscule solar system, deep within which rotates and orbits our minuscule Earth. That will give you an idea of what a fantastically negligible cosmic speck is this Earth of ours. We are 92 million miles away from the sun, and we receive all our life-supporting energy from it.

If our local "gas station," the sun, ran out of life-supporting energy, the next closest refueling star is 25 trillion miles away. Its light takes 4⅜ years to get to us—coming at 700 million miles an hour. So when someone says, "Never mind that space stuff—let's get down to Earth; let's be practical!" pay no attention. We are nothing but a space program. We are so physically negligible as to be approximately space itself.

I don't think that stars are paying much attention when one of those little 3½ billion specks on board this almost invisible Earth says, "We can't afford it." I don't think the sun is saying, "We can't afford to keep those people living on planet Earth because they haven't paid their bill." The universe is not concerned with how Earthians raise millions of something they call dollars.



Bettmann Archive

Little humans inventory vast, cosmic information.

WHAT DO WE KNOW? Our universe is eternally regenerative and eternally successful. You and I have been given extraordinary capability despite our negligible physical stature. We have been given minds, and with minds have discovered principles. We have learned a little from the cumulative experience of all human beings who have inhabited our planet. We have invented words so that we can accumulate human experiences, and we have invented successively sign language; pictographs; phonetics; television; video; video cassette; around-the-world satellite, to relay any program; and world-around computerization, with which to recall any information, anywhere, any time, by anybody, in order to make man's cumulative experience available to ensuing generations. Little humans, with no physical stature whatsoever, but with beautiful minds, have been able to apprehend and inventory vast, cosmic information and count those 100 quadrillion stars. Having learned of the ex-

(Continued on page 46.)

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS

Resolving Environmental Conflicts

Principle 21 of the Stockholm Declaration affirms that "States have . . . the responsibility to ensure that activities within their jurisdiction or control do not cause damage to the environment of other States or of areas beyond the limits of national jurisdiction." Yet:

• France and, even more, Italy pollute the Mediterranean outrageously, affecting all other riparian states, but will not sit down with other countries even to talk about the problem.

• A dispute between Brazil and Argentina over the damming of the Río de la Plata was thought to have been settled by an agreement last fall. But while Brazil proceeds with construction, the new Argentine government refuses to recognize the agreement and tensions mount.

• The United States takes water out of the lower Colorado River for irrigation and returns it to the river with such high salinity that it has serious adverse effects on agriculture in northern Mexico. After years of negotiations and the prolongation of an interim agreement, Mexico was reportedly preparing to take the case to the World Court when the United States made a new offer, the terms of which have not been revealed.

Such examples of environmental conflict are legion, and they are certain to multiply. At present the problems primarily relate to: polluting the air of neighboring nations, polluting the waters of a downstream neighbor, the inequitable sharing of water resources, dumping, nuclear testing, and fishing. New areas for potential conflict are weather modification and exploitation of the sea. What machinery can be devised to settle such disputes? And how can it win acceptance?

Many Americans who attended the Stockholm conference hoped that the requirement of filing environmental impact statements—a practice now found only in the United States—would be extended internationally to any development that might have environmental consequences beyond national boundaries. No such provision was introduced or adopted, but the United Nations Environment Program (UNEP) is planning a voluntary register and has contacted governments and agencies, asking them to submit any development plans that might have international implications.

Whatever the success of a voluntary register, it is, of course, only a first step. Many regional organizations, especially in Europe, are seeking voluntary compliance with conventions that, if adopted and adhered to, would avoid conflict in many areas. But this process will be slow at best. Recently the Council of Ministers of the European Community adopted a recommendation of the EC Commission, obligating the member states to report any legal instruments, regulations, or administrative measures that they intend to introduce with a view to protecting the environment. But this provision is rather the reverse of an impact statement; and Europe, where states are small and industrial pollution large, understandably has a larger number of environmental conflicts than any other continent.

In any case, many problems and conflicts could not be settled regionally even if effective institutions existed. The question, then, is whether UNEP can develop mechanisms for fact finding and assessment with sufficient objectivity and credibility to achieve real influence. Primarily through the Earth Watch program, Executive Director Maurice Strong intends that it shall. Because Earth Watch will be monitoring and assessing every aspect of the environment—natural and man-made—it should be able to anticipate potential conflicts before positions become entrenched and when a resolution may more easily be found.

Global Report

Paris—So rapidly is the consumption of energy increasing in the industrialized nations that even by using the cleanest fuels available and the most advanced pollution-abatement technologies, emissions of sulphur dioxide and particulate matter throughout the Seventies will remain at or around those of 1968. Pollution from nitrogen oxide will almost certainly get worse, unless there is a technological break-through.

That is the conclusion of an ad hoc group drawn from OECD's committees on the environment, energy, and oil. In other words, by running like mad, we may barely stay in place. If the standards or non-standards of the Sixties were followed, the principal air pollutants from power generation, industry, home heating, and the like would increase 70 to 80 percent during this decade.

OECD conservatively estimates that to exploit the best techniques just with respect to sulphur dioxide and particulate matter will cost the industrialized nations $5.8 billion in investment and at least $2.2 billion in operating expenses.

Virginia Key, Fla.—Though tides have been harnessed to provide energy, they have the great disadvantage of leaving generators powerless at six-hour intervals of slack water. But ocean currents are perpetual and surprisingly steady.

A scientist at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration's laboratory here has suggested that the Gulf Stream could be tapped with far greater efficiency and practicality than the sun could. He proposes submerging a string of windmill-like devices in the Straits of Florida between Miami and the island of Bimini, where the current is channeled and steady, varying only 20 percent above or below the norm. The fuel-free, nonpolluting energy would turn electric generators.

Port of Spain, Trinidad—People concerned with population control long have been fascinated with the possibilities of using folk traditions to spread the message of family planning. It is not only that folk songs and stories have an immediacy and credibility for the listener not granted to other media; in lands where literacy is low and newspapers are scarce, some word-of-mouth means may be the only way of reaching those who are most in need of information.

Last fall the International Planned Parenthood Federation convened a meeting in London under the auspices of UNESCO to discuss the potentialities of this idea and practical approaches to it. Where would it be more logical to explore the concept than in the Caribbean with its lively folk tradition, which—in calypso—gives unusual attention to what is contemporary?

With a grant from the U.N. Fund for Population Activities, the Trinidad Folk

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Performing Company will begin to explore the possibilities, including the use of radio and television. All the countries of the region will ultimately collaborate on the project.

Tel Aviv—Among the technologies that have not advanced as rapidly as expected is desalinization, which remains costly and extravagant of energy. Now a scientist at Technion, Israel's institute of technology, is said to have developed a process that may reduce the costs by as much as a third. Stated in simplest terms, the method uses a thin-walled plastic heat exchanger to allow condensing fresh water to warm the incoming water from the sea.

New York—According to one estimate, 130 marine studies are in progress in the area known as the New York Bite, which extends from Montauk Point, at the tip of Long Island, to Cape May, at the southern tip of New Jersey. Now there is to be another study.

The Marine Eco-Systems Analysis program (MESA), which is run by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), is planning a series of exhaustive studies of marine environments, and the New York Bite will serve as its pilot project. Most of the five years and much of the $20 million to be expended will be to find out what is already known of the 15,000-square-mile area (out to the limits of the continental shelf) and to put the information in usable form.

During the first year the project will focus on New York Harbor, whose effluents, marine life, currents, sediment, and man-made and natural changes will be exhaustively studied.

Pavia, Italy—In the biological control of insects, the ant is an important actor. Ants of the *Formica rufa* group, known as wood ants, are believed to consume more than 700,000 tons of insects each year in Europe alone. So valuable is the wood ant that in several countries it is officially protected. Nevertheless, in parts of Europe, the wood ant is threatened with extinction, with possibly serious consequences for the forests.

In the Alps the wood ant seems to be thriving. Some years ago, with the help of 1500 forest wardens, Prof. M. Pavan of the University of Pavia con-

Environment Opens a Door

Two years ago, in unofficial conversations that led to the U.S.-Soviet Agreement on Cooperation in the Field of Environmental Protection (World Environment Newsletter, July 18, 1972, and January 16, 1973), the Russians made a surprising proposal. Most of the topics for the exchange of information and research were suggested by the Americans. But one in particular was proposed by the Russians. They urged that the two countries discuss in depth the role of domestic laws and regulations in environmental protection.

The surprise arose from the fact that this is a topic that really lays open a society and government. If the exchange of information is candid, it will show where power resides and how it is exercised, how policy is made and carried out, how the bureaucracy functions or fails to function. When the details of the bilateral agreement were spelled out last autumn, this topic appeared as the eleventh priority area for cooperation.

Of the several visits of Russian experts who have traveled through the United States this year in implementation of the agreement, none was more interesting and precedent setting than that of the four Soviet specialists in legal and administrative aspects of environmental protection. The talks—in Washington, Boston, New York, and on the West Coast—were extraordinarily frank in an area where one might have expected candor to be more circumspect. The Russians discussed their own serious problems of pollution control and enforcement. They asked the Americans, "How do you write legislation? How do you enforce it? How do you provide incentives for plant managers and government bureaucrats down the line?"

As they indicated in their final press conference, the Russians seemed particularly interested both in the U.S. requirement of environmental impact statements before major projects could go forward and in the role of the courts, aided by citizen action.

The extent of the Russians' interest in citizen action and private groups was not adequately reflected in press reports. First, during early discussion of the law project the Soviets made clear that they wanted, not a purely government-to-government consultation, but the participation on the American side in a private group. Such a group was formed, composed predominantly of those who had participated in the early, exploratory discussions with the Russians under the auspices of the U.S. United Nations Association. Abram Chayes of the Harvard Law School was chairman, and David Lenefsky was project director. Second, at their request the Russians met with many private individuals and organizations in the environment field and extended invitations to visit the Soviet Union.

A final area of Soviet interest, as

Excerpts from the Final Report of the Soviet Visit

"The specialists agreed that they would exchange information and hold conferences as appropriate with regard to the questions of government organization, procedures to analyze environmental effects of government decisions, economic aspects of pollution, and enforcement techniques, among others.

"In particular, they agreed to cooperate in the following areas:

"1. Exchange of information and opinion on questions of developing legislation, with the aim of determining ways of increasing the effectiveness of legal controls on all kinds of activities connected with environmental protection.

"2. Joint examination of procedures for analyzing the environment impact of major governmental decisions significantly affecting the environment.

"3. Joint examination of procedures for reaching decisions concerning development of the most important areas of industrial production affecting the environment.

"4. Comparative study of the system and methods of governmental supervision of the implementation of legal requirements for environmental protection.

"5. Comparative examination of forms of participation by the public in resolving problems of environmental protection (*e.g.*, the activities of mass membership organizations in both countries).

"6. Exchange of information and opinion on legal measures and mechanisms and the system of legal responsibility in the area of environmental protection, including specific individual components of the environment (*e.g.*, land use, water law)."

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ducted an ant census in the Italian Alps. He calculated that there were about 1 million nests and 300 billion worker ants.

Recently Professor Pavan and his Institute of Agrarian Entomology have been distributing wood ants to areas where the insects are in short supply. Each year about ten truckloads are sent to the Apennines, and this spring the second air shipment was delivered to Quebec.

Chapel Hill, N.C.—The Human Studies Laboratory at the EPA's National Environmental Research Center near here currently has some 250,000 people throughout the country under surveillance to determine the health effects of pollutants. In order to conduct more sophisticated studies under controlled conditions, EPA is building one stationary and two mobile laboratories in which human responses to atmospheric pollutants can be observed and tested over extended periods of time.

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reflected in the recent talks, is more touchy, because it is the kind that makes other nations nervous. The Russians appeared interested in the relevance of combined U.S.-Soviet experience to the development of international environmental law and regulation—for example, defining the specifics of the key principles of the Stockholm conference (notably 21 and 22).

The Soviet delegation was headed by Oleg Kolbasov of the Institute of State and Law, USSR Academy of Sciences; the other members were Boris K. Klyukin, also of the Institute of State and Law; Konstantin E. Kolibab, head of the Legislative Department in the Ministry of Justice; and Vladimir A. Borissoff of the Central Laboratory on Nature Conservation in the Ministry of Agriculture. Kolbasov's counterpart on the American side was Timothy Atkeson, general counsel for the Council on Environmental Quality. Members of the American team will visit the Soviet Union late this year or early in 1974.

Clearly, the change in U.S.-Soviet relations has gone far beyond an intangible shift in mood. Although there have been unofficial exchanges with the Russians for many years, official relations until recently were conducted by trained, experienced diplomats acting under strict instructions. Now bureaucrats from the two sides are sitting down together to talk about practical problems that they share in common and that they are personally interested in. The cumulative impact of these conversations could be enormous, as each side develops a stake in keeping channels open and as the knowledge and experience gained begins to have an upward impact on the policy makers.

Brussels—"The polluter pays" sounds so simple, but having adopted the principle, the European Community is now having difficulty reconciling differences as to what it means. When the Council of Ministers met recently to consider a series of twenty environmental projects proposed by the commission (i.e., staff), the ministers were plainly worried by the possible consequences of their disagreements for prices and, therefore, trade and investment.

Drawing up joint rules is difficult enough, but obtaining a common interpretation and application of them is proving to be very tricky. The considerable work remaining is to be completed according to the following timetable:

1. "A proposal relating to the allocation of anti-pollution costs and to the principles of a joint ruling on the modalities for applying the polluter pays idea will be transmitted to the council by the commission *by 31 December*";
2. "A study on the practicality and effectiveness of economic instruments to be used in the war on pollution will be completed *by 1 July 1974*";
3. "The first results of the study on evaluating the costs of fighting pollution will be made available *during the second half of 1974.*"

Toronto—Western Hemisphere rights to the magnetic-suspension transportation system developed by Krauss-Maffei AG of Munich have been purchased by the Ontario government, which hopes to have a test train running on a 2.5-mile track around the Canadian National Exhibition grounds by the summer of 1975. Premier William Davis expects the $16-million investment of public funds to pay off handsomely for the province and for Canadian industry.

It is a bold stroke, considering the system has not been proven. But the silent, non-polluting, frictionless ride, in which the cars race less than an inch above the rails at a speed of fifty miles an hour, may well be the wave of the future, especially for urban transportation. The hovertrain, which seemed so promising a few years ago, appears to be out of the running for most purposes because its compressed air jets raise clouds of dust.

Seewiesen, West Germany—The Max Planck Institute here has long studied mating habits in the animal kingdom. One of its recent subjects has been the harlequin prawn, a brightly colored little crab, native to the Pacific, which was once thought to be the savior of Australia's coral reef. It proved true that these "killer prawns," only an inch and a quarter in length, made short work of the starfish that were plundering the reef, but it was soon discovered that the prawns were as destructive as the starfish to the coral.

In the course of their research, institute scientists discovered that harlequin prawns are monogamous and are attracted to one another by a very individual odor, which apparently binds them together in a permanent state of bliss. Separated, they suffer obvious stress, lashing the water with their feelers until reunited. Yet the male can be led astray. One married male prawn placed in a tank with an unattached female became excited and mated with her but continued his nervous behavior. Only after he had been returned to his chosen mate did his peace and calm return.

Bonn—The West German government is developing an elaborate data-retrieval system for the environment. It has the splendid name of Umweltsplannungsinformationssystem and is known as UMPLIS. Besides compiling registries of such fairly conventional information as environmental research, expert specialists, and firms providing environmental goods and services, UMPLIS will maintain "an issue data bank," which will keep track of all public discussion of environmental problems in the press, scholarly journals, speeches, conference papers, or parliamentary debates. It is designed "to help our people work out new philosophies and consider policy alternatives systematically." UMPLIS is compatible with, and hopes to plug into, EPA systems in the United States.

Stockholm—As elsewhere, the debate over the safety of nuclear reactors has been intense in Sweden, which has spent more per capita on nuclear energy than any other country. Now the government is considering the recommendation of a parliamentary commission that would declare a moratorium of indefinite duration to provide time for further study. It would not affect seven reactors now under construction but would hold up planning on thirteen others and delay a total of eighty expected to have been completed by 1990. Only one nuclear reactor is so far in operation.

Bangkok—Three sites are being studied for the possible construction of a

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sea-level canal across the southern peninsula of Thailand. The idea is nearly two centuries old, having been conceived by King Rama I as a defense measure. Today the motive is purely economic. The canal would provide a safe, short passage for giant Japanese tankers, which now must swing nearly a thousand miles farther south to pass through the Strait of Malacca. Singapore and Indonesia have been threatening to close this passage of supertankers because the strait is rough, shallow, and heavily trafficked. The cost of a Thai canal is estimated at $2 billion.

San Francisco—The Sierra Club, which has been extending its range of concerns outward from California to the nation and recently to the world, clearly intends to exert a leadership role in the Law of the Sea Conference. Last month its board of directors unanimously adopted a three-page resolution, the central message of which was summarized by the chairman of the club's task force on Law of the Sea, Larry Lanctot:

"Environmental concerns have not yet been made an important part of the Law of the Sea negotiations. We want to be sure they are. We believe this issue is too important to be left entirely in the hands of international politicians and resource-exploiting corporations. The sea is the property of all mankind, and we have the responsibility to ensure that its environmental health and productivity are maintained."

Grover, Colo.—Hailstorms are estimated to do more than $400,000 worth of damage to crops in the United States each year. The National Center for Atmospheric Research is conducting a five-year experiment to see if cloud seeding with silver iodide will reduce the damage by encouraging the moisture to fall as rain or small hailstones before they become big ones. Seeding is done by shooting flares into the base of cloud formations, where upward drafts carry the silver iodide into the center of the storm.

Here, near the heart of the region that meteorologists call "Hail Alley," a rough square has been marked off, twenty-five miles on a side. Within it are 200 ground stations, 2 meteorological radar systems, weather balloons, a glider, 4 powered aircraft, and other tools of the trade.

Last year, the first of the experiment, hailstorms threatened the area on twenty-two days of the peak season, May 1 to July 31. Cloud-seeding tests were performed during twelve of those days, and unseeded storms were studied during the other ten. But NCAR will not disclose the results of the tests, and the public may not know for four more years. The biggest achievement so far appears to be that for the first time an effective radar system has been developed for distinguishing hail from rain.

London—Largely as a result of Sweden's well-documented complaint that sulphur dioxide from countries to its south and west is damaging its forests, lakes, and soils, ten Western European nations have set up forty monitoring stations to record the quantities and movement of sulphur dioxide in the atmosphere. The results will doubtless confirm that the best available technology for reducing emissions is underutilized, and better technology is needed.

Tokyo—According to a survey reported in the *Japan Times*, nearly 1 percent of all the land in the nation is devoted to golf courses or has been purchased for that purpose. Moreover, there appears to be no end to the current boom. Ecologists are concerned because the land development will mean the destruction of thousands of acres of forest.

Will Environmental Protection Slow Development?

The presumed conflict between environment and development is a recurring fear of which the less developed nations cannot quite rid themselves—and with some reason. Much has been done to inform and reassure them since preparations began for the Stockholm conference, but much has also occurred—especially in the debates over the limits to growth—to cause unease. Will concern for the environment and measures to protect it inhibit or derail economic development where it is urgently needed?

To seek an answer to this and to related questions, the United Nations has commissioned a two-year study headed by the Harvard economist Wassily Leontief. The study group will establish projections of the likely situation in 1980, 2000, and as far into the future as 2050 in terms of demographic characteristics, the structure of production and consumption, the use of natural resources, and the state of the environment in various parts of the world. And it will attempt to measure the impact of alternative environmental policies in relation to development strategies.

Financed largely by the Dutch government, the study is to be completed by 1975, in time for a major review and appraisal of the strategy for the Second Development Decade.

Lord Gladwyn's Perception of Survival

Writing this spring in the English journal *The Ecologist*, made famous by its doomsdayish "Blueprint for Survival," one of Britain's most distinguished citizens speculates that the "collapse" forecast by Meadows in *The Limits to Growth* "will not be global but rather partial or regional." A few autarkic superpowers will survive. The author foresees that the United States will have the greatest difficulty of the industrialized nations in checking its "clearly irrational rush to destruction," while a United Western Europe "may give it a lead" in demonstrating how to live within a nation's resources.

Lord Gladwyn, a retired British diplomat and now deputy leader of the Liberal party in the House of Lords, is especially pessimistic about the less developed countries. He sees it "likely" that "the underdeveloped countries will, in default of solutions of their own imagining, be left to solve their own population problems by the 'natural' means of starvation, disease and intensive civil war."

He offers the best odds for survival to the Soviet Union and China because of their relative self-sufficiency and their familiarity with authoritarianism, which by then will be characteristic of all nations. In addition, he suggests that the Chinese government is aware "of the long-term dangers inherent in the 'Western' way of life, whether as regards pollution or as regards the appalling waste of essential raw materials." Japan, he believes, may be the first to achieve zero population growth and is likely to become closely associated with China rather than the West.

Lord Gladwyn took part in the negotiation of the Charter of the United Nations in San Francisco in 1945 and was its first (acting) secretary-general. Of the United States, he writes: "This is where the industrial revolution has reached its culmination and where it will undoubtedly destroy itself—and perhaps all of us . . . if it is allowed to proceed unhindered."

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THE GIDDY HEIGHTS OF HUMOR

Forever Panting
by Peter De Vries
Little, Brown, 274 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Alan Green

Anyone who reads Peter De Vries lazily is a masochist. His purest gems—and few humorists have produced purer—are murmured asides, whispers down the wind. Or, sometimes, strobic flashes—blink and you've missed them. Later it may occur to you that something brilliant and oddball has just passed by.

De Vries performs this "you almost saw it, now you don't" trick by allowing absurd truth to flash fleetingly out of polite convention, the clincher to pop within the cliché: "She had a son who was sixteen and beginning to think about boys." It's as though Dali were a subtle genius and you'd almost walked on past the painting before realizing that the watch was beginning to melt imperceptibly along one finely painted edge.

Forever Panting is Peter De Vries's fifteenth book, of which thirteen are novels and one a volume of novellas. From his first novel, *The Tunnel of Love*, through this newest one, he has maintained a consistency of comedy that places him, in my judgment, among the very best contemporary humorists. (Frame of personal preference: Thurber's *My Life and Hard Times* is unsurpassed in modern American comedy.) De Vries's comic arsenal is filled with varied weaponry. He is a brilliant parodist, which may make *The Tents of Wickedness* and *Mrs. Wallop* among the giddiest heights he's touched. He is a devastating social commentator, and the areas devastated in *Forever Panting* include not only such milk runs as suburbia, marriage, and TV commercials but also such further out targets as modern art, the theater, corporate computerland and superpatriotism. He is an accomplished and offbeat punster. One of his characters calls another a pseudomasochist, still another terms himself a seersucker—a fool for clairvoyants. His ear unfailingly catches every cliché that deserves twisting. The hero's mother-in-law (she's really his aunt by marriage except when she becomes his wife) is a charming, fortyish, addlepated sex object who never fails to say what she doesn't quite mean: "Italians can be full of the old blarney," "Eating between snacks again!" She also thinks a sodomite is some kind of mineral and an English major one of Her Majesty's officers.

The hero is Stewart Smackenfelt, a Broadway bit player who has yet to see his name in lights (and what a power shortage that would cause). Stew is also an amateur entertainer. He does living room impressions of, for instance, Boris Karloff or Noel Coward—and either one is likely to be identified by fellow guests as Sidney Greenstreet. This may happen partly because Stew is overweight. In his lifetime he has lost a total of 600 pounds, and it isn't until his calisthenics-happy mother-in-law shames him to the exercise mat that he proudly trims down for more than a few weeks, causing her to observe that he's losing so much weight that he's getting too big for his britches.

STEW'S WIFE, Dolly, is an actress and a struggling playwright. When they met, she was performing in a doomed play headed for a Boston tryout and "hoping for mixed reviews." She's a pretty and lively minded girl, and "they made love as though they were an endangered species." That was before they got divorced and Stew married her cliché-torturing mother. But Dolly continues to attract Stew to the point where he, rather incestuously married to his ex-mother-in-law, finds himself guiltily desirous of his ex-wife, who has suddenly become his daughter-in-law. This is discovering the generation gap the hard way.

All this might become confusing were it not for De Vries's skill at keeping it not only clear but also—and against all sober reason—logical. And he is nowhere near finished with his devious plotting. Stew and his wife—either wife—go regularly to Saturday night parties. At most of them he encounters Zap Spontini, an advertising man at the sight of whom Stew's scorn bubbles: "He's been made Vice-President in charge of Subtractives. You know—products containing-no. Without harmful such-and-suches. He was kicked upstairs from Additives . . . things that are now-with-improved-so-and-so." As a result, almost every Saturday night Stew and Zap step outside and approach blows; almost every Sunday morning Zap, hung over, comes around to apologize for having aroused Stew's mockery. After Stew and Dolly are divorced, Zap and Dolly marry. Stew, having married Dolly's mother, thus becomes Zap's father-in-law. To carry this further—and De Vries is an uncommon carrier of deadly, witty complexities—it would be necessary to explain how an unmolested house logically comes to appear vandalized; how Stew, who was raised in the Dutch Reform church, happens to be wearing Roman clericals in the presence of a troubled woman needing pastoral, if not divine, guidance; and how Stew discovers the built-in corporate principle by which an employee can safely and surely fire the bosses.

In De Vries's hands, communication among characters becomes misunderstanding, and misunderstanding swells into dilemma—usually in the twinkling of an absurd good intention. But the communication between De Vries and his readers remains clear and constant. Together they observe the growing madness. Together they realize that they alone are sane. □

Jill Krementz
Peter De Vries—*"Brilliant parodist."*

Alan Green is author of Mother of Her Country, *to be published next year by Random House.*

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Chekhov—*"One of the relatively rare excuses for the existence of the human race."*

"Yours, A. Chekhov"

The Letters of Anton Chekhov
Edited and translated by
Avrahm Yarmolinsky
Viking, 490 pp., $12.50

Letters of Anton Chekhov
Translated by Michael Henry Heim in collaboration with Simon Karlinsky
Selection, Commentary, and Introduction by Simon Karlinsky
Harper & Row, 494 pp., $17.50

Reviewed by Stanley Kauffmann

Riches. It's been eighteen years since publication of the last edition of Chekhov's letters, which was inadequate. Now, almost simultaneously, we get two new editions. Each has assets, and although discrete productions, they are complementary in some ways.

I'm not going to spend time "evaluating" Chekhov himself. Anyone who doesn't feel that Chekhov is one of the relatively rare excuses for the existence of the human race starts from a base in this matter different from my own. And I won't quote at length from the letters to support my view. Just two examples of two kinds of pleasure. First, wry humor carrying considerable insight. Chekhov was asked what he thought of the work of two contemporary painters. He replied:

> They're nice, they're talented, you're delighted by them, but at the same time you can't forget your desire for a smoke.

Second, a glimpse of the company you keep in these letters. He writes to a friend from Yalta:

> If you intend to come, drop me a line. Tolstoy is here and Gorky is here, so you won't be bored, I hope.

Both of these new editions are drawn from the complete edition of Chekhov letters published only in Russian. One editor (Yarmolinsky) says there are 4200 items in that edition, the other (Karlinsky) says there are more than 5000. The Viking edition contains more than 500 letters (not all of them complete), selected, edited, translated, and annotated by Avrahm Yarmolinsky, who has been writing on Russian authors and translating and teaching Russian literature since 1917. The Harper & Row edition contains 185 letters, each one complete, selected and annotated by Simon Karlinsky of the University of California at Berkeley, translated by Michael Henry Heim of UCLA in collaboration with Karlinsky. For brevity I'll refer to the first edition as Y and the second as KH, and I'll compare them on specific points.

TRANSLATION: No contest. KH is better. I assume, on the reputations of all three men, that the translations are equally faithful and sympathetic; but the English in KH is much more flexible and live. Hundreds of examples could be given; I'll choose one. Here is the first line of the first letter in Y, written by the nineteen-year-old Chekhov to his brother, compared with the same line in KH:

> I received your letter when my terrible boredom was at its peak, I sat yawning beside the gate, and hence you can judge how very welcome your huge missive was. (Y)
>
> I got your letter while sitting around yawning by the gate at the height of a horrible fit of boredom, so you can imagine how perfectly timed it seemed —and so enormous, too. (KH)

The first is quite acceptable, but no one would ever take it for anything but a translation. The second sounds as if it had been written originally in English.

SELECTION: There are many more letters in Y than in KH, which would seem to give Y a clear advantage; but I have to note some reservations. Y abridges many of its letters, KH abridges none. Where the same letter is included in both books, abridged in Y, one can see that Y's deletions are often unimportant, sometimes valuable, and sometimes very important. An instance of the valuable: Y cuts the

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long opening paragraph of the letter of March 11, 1892, in which Chekhov gives details of running his estate at Melikhovo and which extends our sense of his range of abilities. An instance of the very important: In the letter of November 2, 1903, to Nemirovich-Danchenko of the Moscow Art Theater, Y cuts the long, detailed instructions for the casting and playing of *The Cherry Orchard*.

On the other hand, Y includes many of the letters to Lidya Mizinova, a beautiful girl ten years younger than Chekhov, letters full of flirtatious-avuncular charm, appealing in themselves and especially relevant because Mizinova's character and life are "partially reflected" in Nina of *The Sea Gull*. And Y includes a great many more of the letters to Olga Knipper, both before and after her marriage to Chekhov, which help to explain why the ailing writer chose to marry. He knew he was in bad shape (he and Olga spent their honeymoon in a sanitorium!); one infers that he married primarily to leave a child behind him. Olga had a miscarriage in 1902, and Chekhov, forced to stay in the warm south, kept writing to his actress-wife, working in Moscow, about meeting so that they could have their child. September 10, 1902: "Has [the doctor] allowed you to have children? Now or later? Ah, my darling, darling, time is passing." Time passed—he died less than two years later—without a child.

KH concentrates more on the "literary, social, and scientific" Chekhov. This means the inclusion of such letters, omitted by Y, as a fascinating critique of *The Lower Depths* for Gorky (July 29, 1902), a letter to a priest about the troubles of a teacher in the Yalta Municipal School (May 27, 1904), and the draft of a project for a biological research center that he supplied to a friend (May 24, 1902).

ANNOTATION: Y provides just enough notes, but barely—identification of correspondents and principal references, but not much more. KH is very different. First, there is a substantial introduction, more than twice as long as Y's introduction. Second, KH divides the letters into fifteen sections, each one titled, and provides a short, biographical-historical-analytical introduction to each section. Third, many of the letters in KH are followed by substantial commentary.

But this is the most important difference: The KH comments and notes are much more than explanation. In my view, it's not too strong to say that KH is a book with a thesis, a revisionist aim: that, in addition to being a (good) edition of some of the letters, KH is in effect a collaboration between Chekhov and the editors on Chekhov's behalf—an attempt to use the letters and commentary to correct mistakes, small and large, and to alter misconceptions.

Example of a small correction: In that very first letter I quoted, the Russian word *dubanos* occurs, translated by KH as "the hawfinch." A note says that this word has proved a curious stumbling block to previous translators: Constance Garnett omitted the sentence containing the word and S. S. Koteliansky thought *dubanos* must be the name of a dog. Evidently Y shares the Koteliansky impression, because Y renders the line: "Dubanos, whom I promised you, has run away. . ."

"Chekhov was pale, sickly, melancholic in his very last years. But most of his life he was a big, vigorous, life-savoring man."

On a larger scale, there are at least four prime misconceptions that KH is out to nail, by means of letters and commentary. First, the image of Chekhov as pale, sickly, melancholic. This Chekhov existed, but only in the very last years. Most of his life he was a big, vigorous, life-savoring man. (One source KH doesn't quote: Nemirovich-Danchenko, in his autobiography, wonders that "a human being with such a fund of cheerfulness and humor" could have written stories and plays of "such infinite sadness.") And through almost all his life he was, one may say, an enthusiast of sex. Instance: On his return from Sakhalin, the Russian penal colony off Siberia that he visited in 1890, he traveled by sea, touching at Ceylon. He wrote to a friend (December 9, 1890):

> Here in paradise I traveled more than 100 versts by train and had my fill of palm groves and bronze women. When I have children [!], I'll say to them, not without pride: "Why, you sons of bitches, I've had relations in my day with a black-eyed Hindu girl, and guess where? In a coconut grove, on a moonlit night!"

Not exactly a tone of pallid resignation.

Second, KH attacks the idea that Chekhov was only *pro forma* a doctor. We are shown how seriously he took his medical work. And he went to Sakhalin and wrote his famous report, not for any romantic or self-martyrizing reason, but because he had not finished the dissertation required for his medical degree and hoped that this report would be accepted in lieu of a dissertation. (Compare Robert Payne in his introduction to the edition of the report published here in 1967: "Chekhov himself scarcely knew why he was going there; he knew only that he had to go there, that some impulse stronger than himself was driving him to it.") Chekhov often referred to medicine as his wife and literature as his mistress. Like other civilized men, he was devoted to both.

Third, KH shows that the dominant moods of the four theater masterworks of his last years by no means dominated all his previous writing, that Chekhov responded to a succession of temperamental, social, and esthetic stimuli.

Fourth, KH attacks accepted ideas about the plays and about Chekhov's relations with the Moscow Art Theater, pointing out that the *sole* source of these ideas was Stanislavsky's *My Life in Art*, which, despite merit in other regards, "is the source of more distortions, misconceptions, and historical inaccuracies about Chekhov's person and his plays than any other work ever published." Some of these errors are: that *The Seagull* was rescued from obscurity by the Moscow Art after its dismal premiere (it was being played throughout Russia); that Chekhov had a hard time finding a title for *The Cherry Orchard* after he finished it and asked Stanislavsky's help (he mentions the title in a letter before he *started* the play); and that he considered *The Three Sisters* a comedy (letters to people other than Stanislavsky contradict this).

NOT ALL OF THE excellent notes in KH are necessary; I can't see the reason for the full page about the Tatars. And not all of the notes are excellent; the one on Alla Nazimova is inadequate. But in sum this is an extraordinary piece of work. How often can one call a job of editing "dynamic"?

The reader will assume, I hope, that I've omitted dozens of subjects on which both Y and KH inform us—to name only two, Chekhov's attitude toward the student riots of his day and his contradictory attitudes toward Jews, further complicated by his fierce pro-Dreyfus stand when he was in France. But even to list every topic covered here, every person mentioned, would in a real sense leave matters incomplete, because there are some thousands of letters still untranslated. While American university presses grind out the multivolumed correspondence of every assistant secretary of the interior through history, Chekhov's complete correspondence is ignored.

Between these two new editions, which to recommend? KH is better translated, its letters are unabridged, its commentary much more helpful. But then there are those numerous other letters in Y, adequately translated and annotated. For less than the price of a smart pair of shoes, be a literary sultan. Get both. □

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Books in Brief

Current Books in Short Compass

THE WRONG SEASON
by Joel Oppenheimer
Bobbs-Merrill Company, 165 pp., $6.95

Baseball fans will rejoice and agonize with Joel Oppenheimer as he chronicles the New York Mets's ill-fated 1972 season, in which they placed third. Oppenheimer is no ordinary Mets fan. He is a devotee. He arranges his life around Mets schedules, and if he can't be at a TV set or in Shea Stadium, he catches the game on a transistor radio. If events like political conventions preempt a broadcast, he bemoans the interruption of reality. In between games, he ponders individual records, juggles lineups in his head, broods about mishaps, injuries, errors, and sheer bad luck—all with the fanatic's fervor. But beware. Although he takes the game as seriously as life, Oppenheimer has just the distance for self-mockery, as when he lists "Thirty-seven or so Reasons for not Going to St. Petersburg" to cover spring training. The ultimate dream is not of winning but "of a game that goes on and on, the last out never being made." Clearly his hero is Willie Mays, who is out there slugging, despite his age. Envious of Mays's triumphs, Oppenheimer reassures himself that his own poems "will still be fresh twenty years from now, and needed, and willie will be an old man."

Scattered throughout the book, which, incidentally, is written without capital letters, are tiny vignettes that reveal the author's feelings about himself, his family, and political events of 1972. We learn that he was "a skinny jewish kid who hadn't learned he could do anything but be, abstractly, smart" and who "drank royal crown cola among all the coke and pepsi people"; that he had been a Dodger fan and hated the hubris of the Yankees; that he had a drinking problem but is now hooked on ginger ale, "the drink of retired heroes"; that he writes for *The Village Voice* and teaches poetry at City College; that he is married and has sons whom he must imbue with baseball fever; and that, by his own admission, he needs to grow up. He covers the televised Fischer-Spassky chess match and admires Fischer's determination to do his thing, his way. He writes passionately about the massacre at the Munich Olympics, decrying the violence born out of nationalism. About competition, governments, and death, he asks, remembering Pheidippides, "of the soldiers and the runner, who died best?"

What we learn about Oppenheimer as a person is fascinating, but, unfortunately, we don't learn enough. He is at his best when he conveys a world of meaning with few words, and when he pokes fun at himself and American traditions. Non-Mets fans will wish the digressions were longer and the baseball season not so interminable.

SHARON FASS

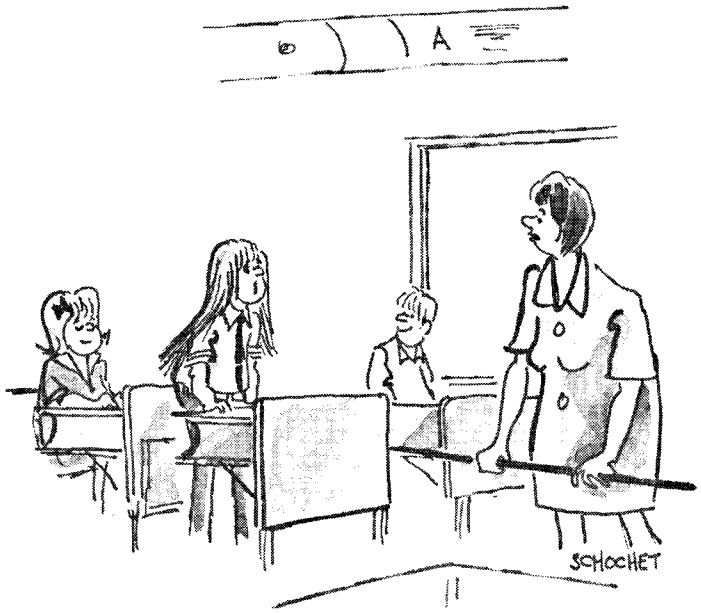
LIONS IN THE STREET: THE INSIDE STORY OF THE GREAT WALL STREET LAW FIRMS
by Paul Hoffman
Saturday Review Press, 283 pp., $8.95

The subject here is New York law firms—not Wall Street alone, but Midtown too, and that is fortunate because the book would be a mighty thin stew without all of them. To make this "inside story," Paul Hoffman has assembled a few interesting facts, fewer significant ideas, and a lot of gossip. He has also juiced up what must be a rather colorless bunch of personalities so that a remarkable number of top men in staid old law firms take on the air of political and entrepreneurial wheeler-dealers whose private lives are a spicy blend of booze and broads.

Money, Hoffman reveals, is what "the blue-chip bar" is about. Not really! Other revelations: "The senior partners rarely crack a law book" and command large salaries; law firms have political power; "lawyers are conservative creatures, resistant to change and innovation, . . ." To make these points and many others, Hoffman relies to a fault on non-attributable quotes; granted some nameless quotes are inevitable when one tries to get people to say provocative things about other people, but here the author piles them on to a degree that renders the results suspect.

Lions in the Street has a good side as well. There are some interesting—and one suspects "inside"—cameos of such legal standouts as the late Thomas E. Dewey, Edwin Weisl (Lyndon Johnson's close adviser), Chester E. Davis (Howard Hughes's attorney) and Bruce Bromley, whose courtroom ploys seem to have been equaled only by his talent for obscenities. There is a fascinating account of the struggle between *The New York Times's* house lawyers and its outside counsel, Lord, Day & Lord, over whether to publish the Pentagon Papers. There is a telling breakdown, by the numbers, of the relative productivity and remuneration of high-paid partners and "lowly associates [who] are the real money-makers of any law firm": An average associate, according to Hoffman's figures, produces five times his salary in income, while a partner produces "barely enough to cover his draw."

In all, although it is fast-paced and entertaining, *Lions in the Street* comes off as a shallow, warmed-over version of C. Wright Mills's classic, *The Power Elite*. Its finest moment may well be the opening anecdote, which recounts how a junior partner took a young associate under his wing and kept sending him out of town on important assignments. When the young man returned home early, he discovered why: The partner was in bed with his wife. According to Hoffman, the associate was immediately shunted off to another firm, while the partner "went on to greater glory . . . [and] an important post in the Nixon administration." ROGER M. WILLIAMS



"Miss Higgins, Cynthia keeps dipping my hair in the inkwell."

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Booked Ahead

Notes on Forthcoming Books

Exciting

How exciting it is to come across a fine poet you've not heard of before! This happened recently as I was thumbing through a dozen of the spring books, and lo! out of a mass of purposeful obscurantism and adolescent self-indulgence rose a real poet. The book is *I Remember the Room Was Filled With Light* (Wesleyan) by Judith Hemschemeyer, a young woman, married, with two children, who is on the faculty of the University of Utah. The poems are alive, full of ideas and a love of words. Buy it, you'll like it —$2.45 for the paperback. A poem:

THE RACE

Until sixth grade the Dutch girl could outrun
Us all, the boys as well. Then one day, amazed,
We watched her lose. After that things happened fast:
Their limbs grew sheaths of muscle, their crotches, guns;
From our ribs sprang soft white globes whose tips, grazed
By an arm, stiffened. Roughs of statues cast
From erectile tissue, they roamed the halls.
And when that bloody hurt hit us one by one,
With a shock no filmstrip could explain away,
Some girls swapped horrors in the shower stalls
—"in labor, and the Japs tied up her legs!" Stunned
By the role my traitor body had to play,
I retreated to the Moscow of my mind.
From hidden towers I watch the dark Olympics
Of the bed, the bland face the O. B. puts on.
I know the myth is rigid, set. But I grind
My teeth for Atalanta, who could have kicked
Those golden balls and run, and run, and run.

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Baboons and Bagels

There's a new reference book for kids, *The Xerox Intermediate Dictionary* (Grosset & Dunlap), and the sample pages I've seen are handsome, with large, clear photographs and line drawings on every page. I have part of the Bs, with pictures of baboons, a backhand, a balcony, and a bagel. The promotion makes much of the fact that the book defines such with-it words as *drag, cool it, busted,* and *uptight.* All very fine, but what bugs me is the news release heralding the dictionary, in which the editor, William Morris, is referred to as a "master wordsmith!" Cool it, that's a draggy word, man. *Wordsmith,* in fact, is so draggy that it isn't even *in* the book I use at my desk for everyday looking up: *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary,* just recently published.

Parties, Parties, Parties

I've never quite figured out the difference between giving a cocktail party and holding a reception. The latter, I guess, is stuffier and has a receiving line, which means that everybody *has* to meet the guest of honor. Whichever is which, a book columnist gets invitations to at least one a week, and this book columnist usually goes. You see the same people over and over again, and, in publishing, this is usually a pleasure. I enjoyed the large, star-studded party at Roger Straus's town house for Wilfrid Sheed's *People Will Always Be Kind,* but what I want to know is, Who got my umbrella—the one with the protruding rib and the rubber band holding it together—and left me his better one? Was it Donald Barthelme? Jerzy Kosinski? Anthony Burgess? Surely it couldn't have been Sue Kaufman or Nora Sayre? Whoever it was, I want to pass on the word that the umbrella I got opens itself with no provocation, which it did twice that evening on a crowded subway.

Then there was the McGraw Hill do for Mary Danby, an attractive young Englishwoman whose novel is *A Single Girl.* Her publishers have not kept it quiet that she's the great-great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens. A critic standing near me complained plaintively that he hadn't yet read her novel and didn't know what he could say to her. "Simple," I advised. "Keep it in the family. Just say to her, 'I really *love* your great-great-grandfather's books!' "

And here's a ludicrous shindig for a biography, *Jayne Mansfield* by Mary Mann, given at the Essex House by Drake Publishers. They held a Jayne Mansfield-look-alike contest, and guess what the outstanding features of the contestants were? The book stands a good chance of becoming the camp item of the decade. Take a paragraph, almost any paragraph. Here's Jayne, who has just been bopped by a jealous lover:

> Jayne fell back on the bed crying with indignation and frustration and pulled the sheets back over her beautifully curved body with its bulging breasts. "How I despise you," she sobbed.

The Irish Tourist Board and Bobbs-Merrill had a party for *Of Soda Bread and Guinness* by Rosalind Cole (no, no, not any relation), which convinced me that smoking Irish salmon and brewing Guinness stout are two of man's most noble and worthwhile activities. Not to knock the soda bread, but this particular soda bread had raisins in it, and raisins and smoked salmon don't work together.

Then there was a Park Avenue spread for *Simca's French Cuisine* (Knopf), to which the whole New York food establishment came to eat delicious morsels —and, yes, the average girth of the participants exceeded that at other parties, just as at a party full of ballet dancers, given for Marcia B. Siegel's *At the Vanishing Point: A Critic Looks at Dance,* everyone's posture was first rate.

WILLIAM COLE

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NEW AND HOT FOR THE SUMMER

by Hollis Alpert

Carl Anderson as Judas in "Jesus Christ Superstar"—*"A theatrical religious ritual infused with modern, campy touches."*

It's a terrible story, really. There's this droopy little fellow with sad eyes and long hair, dressed in what looks like white sackcloth, wandering through the deserts and hills and fields of present-day Israel. He's followed around by a bunch of nondescript young people, who appear to adore him for no apparent reason; nor do they seem to have any particular place to go or any particular mission to accomplish, except now and then they mention going to Jerusalem. Now, for some reason, there are a few priests (you can tell they're priests by the strange headpieces they wear) who worry about the little fellow. So they get hold of one of his followers, who is black and very mixed-up, and give him some money to point out this man who leads these young people around—even though he's in *plain sight* all the time, and they know exactly who he is. Meanwhile a fat king called Herod, who wears yellow-tinted glasses, mocks the little fellow and chortles with glee when some soldiers carrying spears and submachine guns bring him before a Roman called Pontius, who has the fellow whipped for no apparent reason and then has him nailed to a cross. Oh, the black, mixed-up man tosses his money away and finds a lonely tree and hangs himself, after complaining that he didn't really want to betray his friend anyway.

What story is this? *Jesus Christ Superstar,* of course. It's now a movie, after a vastly successful career as a stage musical; and though I already knew the story by heart, having read it in several versions and seen it in various film versions, I found it astonishingly fascinating to watch.

Rock operas are hardly new by now, neither on stage nor on film, and the recent film version of *Godspell,* which tells precisely the same story, is already on view and doing well. Yet, *Jesus Christ Superstar* suffers not in the least by comparison or by familiarity. Both musicals have made the transition to film successfully, although poles apart in style. *Godspell* posits a clown Jesus, whose followers skylark with him through a cinematically vivid Manhattan; it's all joy and freshness and high spirits until the inevitable mystical passion of the conclusion. *Jesus Christ Superstar,* on the other hand, goes to the original place of the happening or the myth (depending on one's degree of devoutness) and deposits its bus load of participants amid some desert ruins supported by modern-day scaffolding, whereupon they

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burst into song and continue unflaggingly in, for the most part, musical rhymed couplets until the stark ending on the cross. They then board the bus and head elsewhere, perhaps to enact the same story all over again.

WHAT MAKES *Jesus Christ Superstar* pertinent (at least for me) is that the film makers and those who created the stage version take the Passion of Christ less as gospel than as theatrical religious ritual, there being considerable theory to this effect. Therefore, once more young people have come to Israel to repeat the ritual in their own, somewhat unsophisticated terms, while infusing it with modern, indeed campy, touches. "Everything is fixed, and you can't change it," the sorely beset little leader grates from tortured lips to Pontius, who wonders why he must scourge and kill this inoffensive man. And when Judas wonders why he must betray the man he follows and loves, he is given much the same reason. Taken as story, motivations are entirely missing, but as ritual, events must take their course—they are preordained.

As a feat of film making, Norman Jewison's handsome production is particularly admirable. There were problems to be solved: for one, the very transfer from the stage conventions to what would work in the film medium; for another, achieving pictorial fluidity, while never for a moment deserting the opera's musical structure; and, perhaps most important, making the whole affecting. He does all these. When Mary Magdalene, sung and acted superbly by Yvonne Elliman, wonders in her long and lovely plaint why and how she loves that man, and holds the screen for a full four or five minutes (a very long time by cinematic reckoning), one might expect the film to become static. But no. With rare and careful grace, and no tricks, Jewison achieves movement—not action, but the kind of filmic movement that is achieved in the editing room.

Using almost no one from the Broadway cast, Jewison has found marvelous faces, lithe bodies. Ted Neely, for all the blandness of the operatic Jesus, has a touching quality in his physical appearance and meets the voice demands of the role. Carl Anderson is an electrifying Judas; Joshua Mostel makes for a gorgeously funny Herod; Barry Dennen is perfect as the puzzled Pilate. The dance episodes are stunningly performed. Not a familiar face in the interracial lot, yet there is no one who is inappropriate. And should the music leave one unmoved, and the story contain nothing remotely resembling suspense, there are still backgrounds to enthrall: mysterious ruins, rocky configurations, shimmering desert expanses. At one point, Judas is found on his knees in the desert. A strange rumbling is heard, and over a rise in the barren landscape, five monstrous, snouted tanks appear. One doesn't even bother to seek the meaning of the anachronism, for it is a visual tour de force, a surreal apparition that, at the same time, reminds us in no uncertain terms of the actual world we live in—or at least the world where the film was made.

THE SUMMER IS upon us, and it's the time when movies pour forth in abundance. The news is good. There is plenty to see without fear of wasting time on the unworthy—for one, *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, adapted harshly from the novel by George V. Higgins. Peter Yates is the directorial architect on this occasion, and he has made the story of the unfortunate Eddie Coyle into a grimly uncompromising metaphor of the everyday violence that surrounds us. The place is Boston, and the activities concern a clever gang of bank robbers, who use various kinds of masks for disguise. Their ploy is to hold hostage the family of a bank manager, who is then forced into opening his bank vault. For the series of capers the robbers need many guns because, once employed, the weapons must be disposed of and a new batch obtained. It is Eddie Coyle's job to procure the armaments.

What makes this movie unusual is the low-key way in which it is directed and played. The criminals are engaged in their own version of business, and the cops are almost as conspiratorial and conscienceless in their efforts to catch them. Eddie is in the middle. He has a jail term hanging over him, and he is used by both cops and robbers, so to speak. Peter Yates, who is known for his exciting cinematic chases, here avoids that sure-fire kind of excitement, and instead concentrates on the details, such as: who gets the guns and how, the way in which information is bought, the plans of the capers, and how they are executed. It comes out grimy, real, and convincing. Robert Mitchum is in top form as Eddie; Peter Boyle is fine as the gang's real Judas; and others less well known add to the believability. Certain unpretentious films (such as some of the John Garfield starrers of the Thirties and Forties) have a way of becoming minor classics as time goes on. I have this feeling about *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*. A generation from now, it might well be watched on wall-screen TV, an example of the best minor films of the early Seventies.

EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT is furnished, too, by *The Day of the Jackal*, directed by Fred Zinnemann, from the Frederick Forsyth best-seller. I found the book a top-notch suspense yarn and was never for a moment bothered by the fact that President Charles de Gaulle died a natural death. Forsyth's novel posits an attempt on the life of de Gaulle, and history being what it is, we know that the attempt must fail. There is no lack of excitement, nevertheless, for it was the working out of the intricate scheme and the equally intricate means used to thwart it that kept me turning pages during one summer reading holiday. A good deal of that kind of thing is foreshortened in the film version, necessarily so, for, truncated, it still goes on for well over two hours. Zinnemann has hurried the historical background that sets up the assassination plot, but once that is out of the way, the film crackles along.

The code name used by the killer is Jackal. He is a mysterious fellow, perhaps English, who hires himself out on nasty, dangerous, and important jobs,

"Blume in Love"—*"The wife gets interested in a muscular, would-be folk singer."*

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and is utterly ruthless, as well as supremely clever, in his working habits. Edward Fox is the actor who plays him, and he is so pleasantly nondescript that I am surprised every now and then, as I walk the streets, to see several of his doubles. But that is as it should be. The detective chief, who is given the task of catching the Jackal, is played by Michael Lonsdale, who gives an appropriately stolid performance. The action ranges over England, France, and Italy, and what gives the film a particular savor is the canny choice of real and interesting settings. And unlike the Bond and other fantasy thrillers, this stays rock-real. If the trend continues, the suspense form will be well served by the movies.

ANOTHER UNCOMMONLY well made film is *The Hireling*, taken from the L. P. Hartley novel. The director, Alan Bridges, is new to films but has previously established himself in British television. Here he works with a sure hand and with the benefit of a screenplay by the experienced Wolf Mankowitz. The film is also helped considerably by some fine performances, particularly those by Sarah Miles and Robert Shaw. Miss Miles plays a titled and rich lady who, in plain words, is a nervous wreck after the death of her husband and her father. The only thing that gets her out of her gloomy, withdrawn state is traveling about with a hired chauffeur, who is distinctly lower class and, for a while, very well knows his place. But he falls in love with the lady and assumes that her liking for his company has more emotional meaning than it actually does. So, by the end of the film, positions are reversed. The pretty lady has recovered from her sorrows, and it is the poor chauffeur who has become a nervous wreck. The story is handled with skill and fine detail. The period is early Twenties, the cars are vintage, and so are the social mores. It's one more study of England's continually plaguing class system, and it's a very good one.

IT MAY BE noticeable that the above-mentioned films originated from works written or designed for other mediums, three of them having come from novels. Not that having a novel as a basis makes it any easier to come up with a satisfactory and satisfying film. One advantage an adaptor has, though, is a given structure, along with developed characters. He selects, he edits, he compresses, he develops dramatic scenes, but the original material is always there as his guide. If it is good material, as in the case of the films mentioned, he has only himself (or the director or producer) to blame if he messes it up.

The task of the writer of an "original" is different, and often harder. The conception and visualization of the story go hand in hand; the very look and form of the screenplay is bare and unattractive to read. Sometimes the film is more in someone's head than it is on paper. Kudos then to Paul Mazursky, who has written, produced, and directed *Blume in Love*. Mazursky, you may remember, was the director of another "original" called *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*, a very funny film about some young marrieds encountering group encounters, infidelity, and experiments in group sex. In the new film Blume is treated more seriously. He is a successful lawyer with a mild habit of infidelity, who is caught by his wife during an indiscreet moment with his secretary. The offended wife thereupon leaves him, and the remainder of the film is devoted to Blume's efforts to win her back.

The situation is not new, either in movies or real life, but what makes *Blume in Love* so intriguing is the way in which Mazursky catches the lifestyle of the participants. The scene is Los Angeles. The wife (Susan Anspach) has liberal leanings and works them out by contributing to causes, attending fund-raising parties, and working in a welfare office. The husband (George Segal) loves his wife and their shared life at home. Thus he is badly bothered by the fact that his one offense has resulted in a total cut-off of the good life he has shared with his partner. The wife gets herself interested in a muscular, would-be folk singer (Kris Kristofferson); the husband tries an unsatisfactory round of affairs. Then rather like Dostoevski's Eternal Husband, he haunts his former wife, absorbing rebuff after rebuff. The dialogue throughout is clever and "today," the funny psychiatrist of *B & C & T & A* is seen again, as both former husband and former wife consult him, and finally. . . . Well, the ending is the least satisfactory part of the film—not a cop-out, but a retreat into almost silly sentimentality, which, up to then, Mazursky has carefully avoided.

The film has a way of moving more slowly than, say, *The Hireling*. Mazursky depends on flashbacks to fill in the relationships of his characters. One senses improvisation here and there—and cinematic improvisation usually slows the pace of a film while the actors "work out" their moments. But a certain middle and upper-middle kind of California atmosphere is caught authentically. We feel we know Mazursky's people. Maybe that's the trouble. We do know them, but they aren't quite as interesting as people strange to us, as met for the first time, like Eddie Coyle, like the lady in *The Hireling*, even like The Jackal. □

(**GEOVIEW:** *continued from page 34.*)
traordinary differentiation of frequencies unique to each of the ninety-two regenerative chemical elements, man has been able to inventory, by telescope and spectroscope, all the elements present in all those stars within our now known 122 quintillion-mile-diameter sphere of celestial observation. Dealing in an electromagnetic reality that is 99 percent invisible, man has learned enough about the principles operating in the universe to become an intelligent function of cosmic evolution. Human mind on planet Earth has that kind of capability, and it must begin to commit itself to its comprehensive knowledge on a comprehensively interaccounted basis. I am saying that, personally, I would be terribly concerned if I felt that the universe were being run by the President of the United States or any other heads of state. I am convinced that they are some of the necessary, historical, gun-pointing nonsense attendant on the process of discovery by trial and error; the more error, the more comprehensive the pull-out from error must be and the more comprehensive the gains for all.

Not a single stage of our technology has ever been predicted. After the censuses of 1790 and 1810, Congress decided it would be a good idea to have an economic census of the country. As the beautiful document in Washington shows, there were 1 million human families in the United States in 1810. There were also 1 million human slaves, a formidable figure. Obviously all the families didn't have slaves. Very few did, but the point is that the one-for-one ratio must be recognized.

The census found that the average homestead was worth $350 and the average slave was estimated to be worth $400; so the human machine was deemed more valuable than the homestead.

Taking the total valuation, including canals, highways, and so forth, and the estimated value of the wilderness at $1500 per family, the U.S. Treasury came to the conclusion that the value of the United States in 1810 was $3 billion.

Despite many inflation-deflation fluctuations since 1810, there is relative magnitude significance in the fact that last year, the gross national income for the first time reached $1 trillion. Now, to earn a conservative trillion dollars at 5 percent means that our invested capital worth must be $20 trillion.

Since 1810, our capital worth has gone from $3 billion to $20 trillion. That is about a six thousandfold increase.

$$\frac{\$3{,}000{,}000{,}000}{\$20{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000} = \frac{1}{6666}$$ □

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(This is the second of a three-part series.)

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Last Tuesday Jack Lambert got annoyed with his pharmacist.

Jack was anxious to have his prescription filled fast because his son was pretty ill, and he was worried about him. So when his pharmacist paused a long minute before handing over the medicine Jack demanded, "What are you doing?"

"I am double checking your prescription, Mr. Lambert. The dosage, the instructions, the medication itself. Especially since our records show your boy has an allergic reaction to several substances. I hope he's up and around soon."

Jack stopped being annoyed and felt appreciative once he realized he was simply benefiting from the thorough professionalism of his pharmacist.

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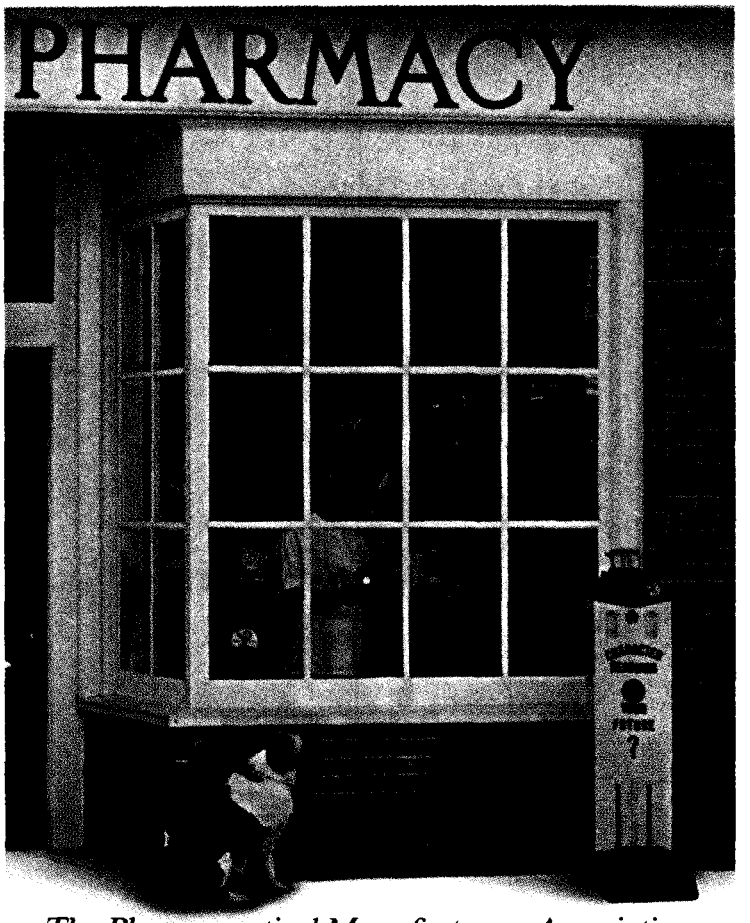

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A FEW FINE POINTS OF BASQUETRY

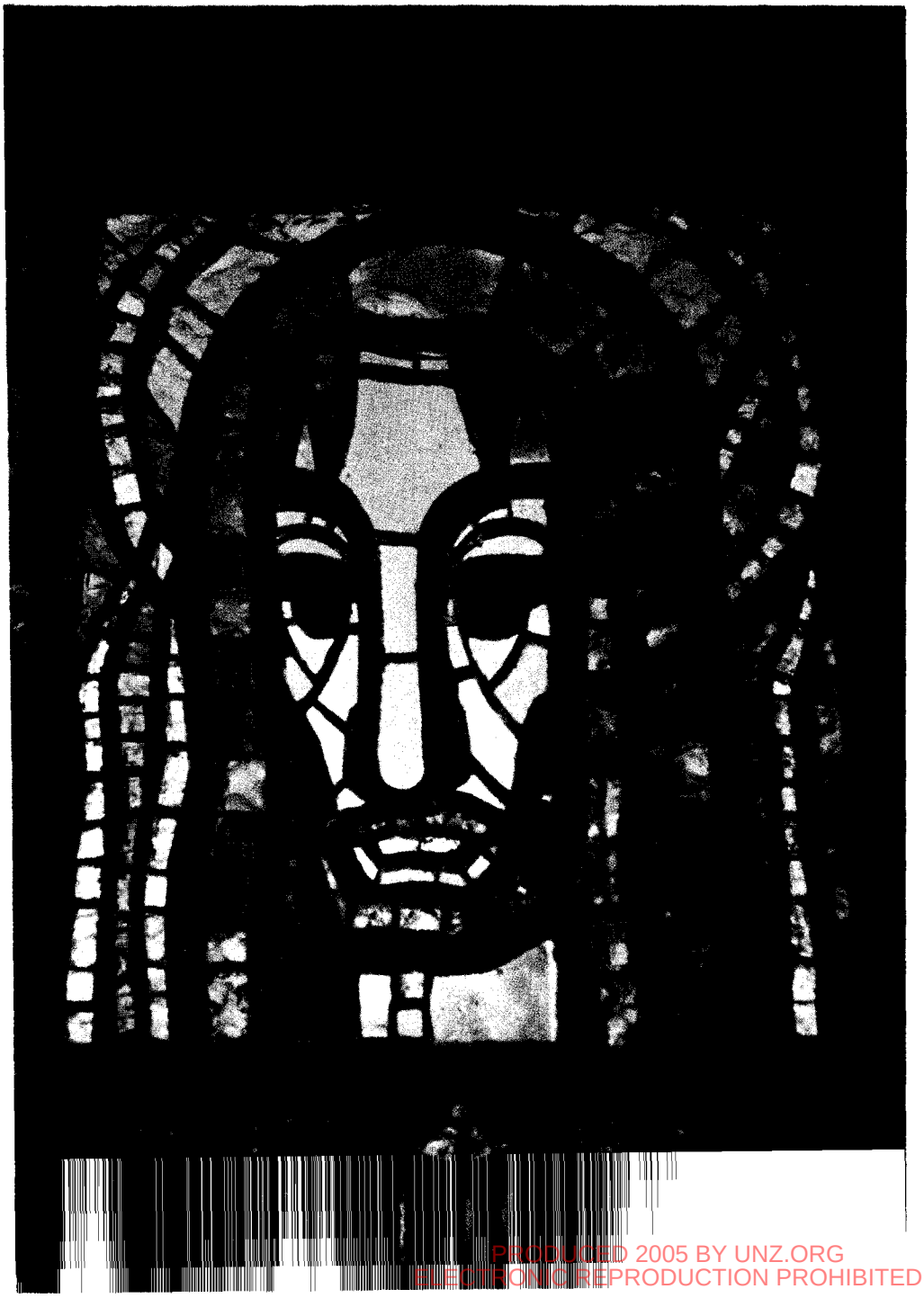
by Horace Sutton

Some traveling friends of mine who, on the thinnest of pretexts are prepared to invoke the principle that living well beats hamburgers at McDonald's, invited me up to their rooms at the Palace Hotel in Biarritz the other night to sample a bottle of Krug champagne, which, they assured me, was the favorite label of the Czar Nicholas II. We stood there in the suite of that superannuated grand establishment, with the French doors thrown back, the sun dropping into the gray Atlantic, the breezes off the sea sending the gossamer curtains into wild arabesques, like antic spirits high on hash. In that sensual setting we sipped champagne and sniffed for the perfume of the Empress Eugénie, which, like that irrepressible lady herself, had long ago evanesced into history.

It was here on the site of this luxurious shelter, as everyone reminded everyone else, that Napoleon III built for his consort the Villa Eugénie, a mansion that established Biarritz, in one capricious royal decision, as a celebrated watering place. It has never recovered from that brief regal presence, and those who follow the circuit of the *haut monde* advise me that the late summer months bring a social swirl of some significance to this seaside resort in the southwest corner of France. Alas, the night I was there, there was only a convention of businessmen, each done up in an ensemble of dark suit, furrowed brow, and briefcase.

Although it may belong to the world of Deauville, Trouville, and Baden-Baden (indeed it bears the same look as all of them), Biarritz, geographically anyway, lies within the limits of the Basque country, a nation of people who occupy three provinces in France and four in Spain. One has only to slip from the limits of the resort, as we did after failing to raise the ghost of the empress, to enter the heartland of the Basque country, where a million or so people on both sides of the border speak a language of their own, dance with exuberance, sing with great spirit, maintain a taste for sorcery, and are farmers and mariners of considerable skill.

Stained Glass Window in the Church at Arcangues—"*A night of a thousand stars.*"
Nicholas Lynn



IN A FEW MINUTES we had passed the inevitable casino, left behind the last gift shop, and had come to a stop in the arbor of an inn at Arcangues. Under the plane trees lay two enormous slate slabs taken from a Roman bridge, waiting for some midsummer day's picnic. The night was still cool, and we went inside to dine at long tables in the country inn that had once been the farmhouse appended to the chateau of the Marquis d'Arcangues. Stored in cases in a small salon were books by the late Pierre Arcangues, the marquis who had died only a few days before, and those of his son, the Comte d'Arcangues, who now would assume his father's title. The bar was dusty with villagers, and at a table far to the rear of the

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rustic dining room, voices in Basque began to swell in harmony, strong and contrapuntal, delivering us all into a mood of ecclesiastical transcendence. The new marquis, whose family had lived here for 800 years, came down to welcome us and to recount tales of Napoleon, who had slept in the chateau in 1808, and Wellington, who had lived in it five years later. Battles were fought around the hamlet church, and in the graveyard French and English soldiers lie together in some sort of eternal entente. The family left their chateau again when the Second World War came to southern France and Hitler arrived in Hendaye, just over the Spanish border, to meet with General Franco. When the war ended, the late marquis, who spent forty years as mayor of Arcangues, brought his family back and wrote books and poems in the old chateau in the shadow of the church.

We went out into a night of a thousand stars, and with the Basque voices seeping out of the old, beamed inn, we crunched over the pebbled path that leads to the churchyard to walk among the gravestones of villagers and foreign soldiers buried beneath the ivy-swathed bell tower.

It was a moment of such magic that we were back again the next morning to see it all by daylight. Now we could see the great old trees that stood as sentries over the desiccated bones of the dead beneath the odd-shaped, flared crosses. The great belfry was clanking out the hours with atonal fidelity; plastic flowers, as waxen as corpses, decorated the graves that were marked with strange-sounding Basque names. Beyond the little cemetery, the land sloped away into a valley, then rose again on the other side. The rolling countryside lay pale green on the hillsides and deeper green, like a wreath at Christmas, in the ravines. The white houses, each with a red-tiled roof, were chalky in the sun. Far, far in the distance, against the gray of the sky, one could see the bulking shoulders of the Pyrenees, which form a natural division between southern France and northern Spain. Turning far to the right, through the cleft in a distant ridge, one could glimpse the Atlantic washing the far shore.

We turned, then, toward the sea and drove into Saint-Jean-de-Luz, the lovely town that, like so many seacoast settlements in France and Spain, puts together the high color of a fishing port, a beach for the vacationists of summer, shaded streets sprinkled with shops and small hotels, and even a little history. Here on the ninth of June, 1660, in a splendid ceremony that lasted for three hours, Louis XIV of France married Marie Thérèse of Austria, daughter of Philip IV of Spain and Elizabeth of France. The groom wore black, edged with lace; the bride, walking several steps behind him, a gown of woven silver under a lavender velvet cloak, a golden crown atop her head. The door through which the procession entered the church, and later left it, was sealed. So was the fate of the Infanta, who at forty-five was to die in Versailles under circumstances often questioned.

H. Fitte

The Old Port at St.-Jean-de-Luz—*"Enchanted to loll away a summer's week."*

At the corner of the old port where Louis, then twenty-two, received Marie Thérèse, fishermen often sit with long bamboo poles, pulling mullet out of the harbor. Nets of bright blue and deep maroon are piled up on the quays, and the turquoise tuna boats, with their high hulls, ride at anchor, waiting to be painted by a summer artist.

ONE CAN STAY in quiet refinement at the small Miramar, on the hillside overlooking the beach and the harbor, for about $21 a day, breakfast included, or more centrally at the Hotel Madison, in the center of town. The beach is a hundred yards away, and the Le Bar Basque, with tables scattered over the tiled sidewalk and a dark, inviting interior, is just across the street. At the Madison the rates, depending on fluctuating dollar exchange, are about $14 for a room off season, $18 in high season, breakfast extra. Those who would put up in elegant style might well take rooms at the Hotel de Chantaco on the fringe of town, where the Nivelle River makes its last bend before spilling into the Bay of Saint-Jean-de-Luz. Here the huge picture windows in the grand salon are filled with the view of the golf course. The parquet floors in the dining room are redolent of wax, and only an arrangement of lemons and peppers, in plastic, jars the eye. If you can find a room, it will cost in excess of $50 a day for two with *demi-pension*, which, in fact, if not in published principle, is mandatory. The beach is a mile away, but the golf course and seven clay tennis courts are next door.

Regretfully—I would have been enchanted to loll away a summer's week in Saint-Jean-de-Luz—we turned the Renault inland toward Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, that celebrated town astride the River Nive, at the foot of a *port*, which is not a "port" in the English sense, but a pass. The road that runs roughly parallel to the Spanish frontier, and in places is only a few miles from the border's edge, rolls through the magnificent Basque countryside, the road markers lettered with the strange-sounding names of a language that remains a mystery to etymologists: Itxassou, Louhossoa, Etchenika, and a dozen others that would paralyze a supple larynx.

It was clear we couldn't make Saint-Pied-de-Port by the French lunch hour, and fishing in the Michelin red guide, we came up with the Hotel-Restaurant du Trinquet, a one-star restaurant that some inspector with talented tastebuds and an inexorable curiosity uncovered in the tiny burg of Saint-Étienne-de-Baïgorry. We pulled up at the door of the small hotel that sits at the river's edge, salivating with expectation, only to be

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H. Fitte

Playing Pelote—"*Straw baskets worn on the hand to fling the hard ball. . . .*"

met at the threshold by *madame la patronne*. She looked at her watch, which was ticking toward 2:30; and summoning all the charm of a Paris concierge, she said, "Well, I don't know whether we can serve you or not. This is France, you know, not Spain."

We assured her a crust of bread and a slice of dry Bayonne ham would do, but for reasons best known to the French, she returned with a menu that danced with such attractions as *confit d'oie*, which is goose cooked in its own fat, wild pigeon in a red-wine sauce, wild boar, a casserole of stewed hare. Among us, we chose a river salmon and *a poulet sauté Basquaise*, a chicken that arrived in a mantle of piquant sauce embellished with sequins of smoky sausage and snippets of ham. The *blanc de blanc*, at $3 a bottle, was a minor triumph and a major bargain.

A room with private bath costs about $15 in the summer season at Trinquet, but the best of choices are the new villas a short stroll from the inn. A rushing stream, alive with trout, runs in haste past the villas and under the terrace where, in fine season, the talents of the chef are brought to table. There isn't much to do in Saint-Étienne, except to fish and read, and to stroll over the old stone bridge into the town, which, like every village in the Basque country, has its wall for *pelote*, a game allied to jai alai, and the inevitable church. The church sits on an apron of clover. A tablet outside lists the names of fifty dead sons from this tiny cluster of houses who perished in the war of 1914–18, names like Eyharabide, Iputcha, Pecotche, and Oxoby, descendants of a race that died for France and as well (for Guernica was a Basque city, too) for Spain.

After the solitude, the setting, and the fare at Saint-Étienne, Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, eleven kilometers away, held less enchantment. Perhaps it was the shops filled with junk pottery, the displays in the street festooned with tourist dolls, the souvenir leather wine flasks at $8 apiece, that made it seem more a tourist hive rather than a pristine discovery.

Visitors abroad in southwest France who develop a fascination for the Basques will find an entire museum devoted to the culture of these singular people in Bayonne, a port city that, in urban sprawl, is almost a continuation of Biarritz. The museum, on the banks of the Nive, is a synthesis of the Basque nation, which continues to maintain a "national government" in Paris. Wall maps show the Basque provinces in France and Spain, and heroic murals depict the proud posture of the Basques in white shirt and trousers, red cummerbund and red beret, holding the Basque flag. Old charts show the whale hunters who, departing from Saint-Jean-de-Luz and Biarritz, hunted as far north as Spitsbergen. Thirty-five Basques accompanied Magellan on the voyage that circumnavigated the world.

A separate exhibit of *pelote*, the game so dear to the Basques, occupies most of the top floor. The straw baskets worn on the hand to catch the hard ball and fling it against a stone wall at sizzling speeds evolved from turtle shells, then from branches with three protruding twigs used as a frame for straw. Like jai alai, the game spread to Madrid and Barcelona, to Cuba and Mexic (where I once saw it played by girl using modified tennis racquets), and t south Florida.

Once a seaport for cod fishermen wh worked the banks off Newfoundland later a free port trafficking with Spain Holland, and the West Indies, Bayonn has become a curious mixture of mod ern industry and ancient city. It i busy with metallurgy and chemicals but many of its old buildings and twist ing alleys survive. The façades of ancien structures that still stand along th banks of the Nive are jarringly inter rupted by a modern parking garage witl ramps, pitched at rakish levels, tra versed by cars roaring up and down.

Among connoisseurs Bayonne i noted for its chocolate, an industry de veloped in southern France by Jew forced to leave Spain and Portugal. The arcades along the Rue de Port-Neuf are a hive of *chocolatiers*, particularly the house of Daranatz and also Cazenave where anyone oblivious of the calorie count can pull up a white chair at one of the marble counters and assay ar enormous assortment of candies.

Explorers from the New World who would penetrate the mysteries of the Basque country can either forage for themselves by car or train, or else buy the whole package from Air France—flight, car, and lodgings included. The rates range from $849 to $995 depending on the season (cheapest in early April, dearest in late July and early August), a sum that will buy a tourist-class air ticket back and forth between Paris and New York, a flight on Air Inter, that domestic French flying bus service that spans (among many other routes) the leg between Paris and Biarritz, a Peugeot with a tankful of gas and unlimited mileage for a week, and rooms and some meals.

I must confess I begin to blanch when the small print talks of things like group-inclusive fares, minimum groups of fifteen, and stipulations that seem quite as capricious as the weather. The easiest arrangement, unless it is a long time since the last time you saw Paris, might well be to pick up the Air France day flight (a 707 and to my taste not as comfortable or as well serviced as the 747), stay at the Orly Hilton or the airport Frantel overnight, and catch the morning flight south. That ancient method of transport, the train, is operated with notable finesse in France, and one *could* take the Sud Express from Gare d'Austerlitz in the morning and be in Biarritz for tea or, for that matter, in time for a bottle of M. Krug's bubbly in a suite at the Palace. □

(This is the first of two articles on touring in France.)

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Eye on Chess: No. 28

When fifty-five-year-old Bobby Riggs recently beat Mrs. Margaret Court at tennis, he announced gleefully that he was now "the new Women's Champion!" His elation is easy to understand in a sport where a varicose vein can signal the end of a career. But in chess, where a hardened artery, though at the other end, can be equally disastrous, there have been some even more astounding geriatric triumphs.

Sir George Thomas won the British championship when he was sixty-four and *three years later* was awarded the Brilliancy Prize for an outstanding game at the tourney at Harrogate. And even as Riggs climbed over the net to console Mrs. Court, Leonard Rellstab, the sixty-nine-year-old West German grand master, was decisively proving his stamina by tying for first place in the prestigious Hastings Challengers' Tournament!

Ruy Lopez
Harrogate, 1947

White: Sir G. Thomas Black: G. Wood

1. P–K4	P–K4	8. O–O	P–Q3
2. N–KB3	N–QB3	9. P–Q4	PxP
3. B–N5	P–QR3	10. NxP	N–QR4
4. B–R4	N–B3	11. B–B2	P–B4
5. Q–K2	P–QN4	12. N–B5	BxN
6. B–N3	B–K2	13. PxB	P–Q4
7. P–B3	O–O		

Since Black has a pawn majority on the Queen side, he correctly starts his attack there.

14. P–KN4	P–R3	17. N–Q2	QR–Q
15. P–KB4	R–K	18. P–N5	N–R2
16. Q–N2	Q–N3	19. N–B3	

Not 19. PxP? QxP!

19. . . .	P–Q5	27. K–R	BxP
20. P–B6	B–B	28. QxBch	KxQ
21. N–K5	NxNP	29. P–B8(Q)ch	K–R2
22. PxN	RxN	30. R–B7ch	K–N3
23. P–N6!	P–Q6	31. R–N7ch	K–R4
24. PxPch	K–R2	32. Q–B7ch	K–R5
25. BxPch	RxB	33. Q–B4ch	Resigns.
26. PxP	P–B5 dis ch		

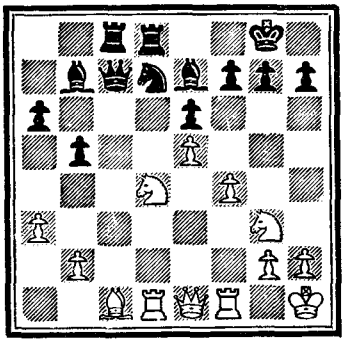
Sicilian Defense
Round 6—Hastings Challengers, 1973

White: L. Rellstab Black: D. Parr

1. P–K4	P–QB4	7. O–O	B–K2
2. N–KB3	P–Q3	8. K–R	P–QN4
3. P–Q4	PxP	9. B–Q3	B–N2
4. NxP	N–KB3	10. P–B3	O–O
5. N–QB3	P–QR3	11. B–K3	QN–Q2
6. B–QB4	P–K3	12. P–QR3	R–B

Black had a good alternative here in 12 . . . P–Q4; 13. PxP, NxP; 14. NxN, BxN.

13. Q–K	N–N3	18. P–KB4	NxB
14. R–Q	Q–B2	19. PxN	PxP
15. B–B	N–B5	20. PxP	KR–Q
16. N(B3)–K2	P–Q4	21. P–K5	N–Q2
17. N–KN3	N–K4		



22. P–B5!	QxP	26. NxR	BxPch
23. PxP	PxP	27. K–N	B–B4ch
24. NxKP	QxQ	28. B–K3	N–K4
25. KRxQ	R–B7		

Threatening 29 . . . N–B6, mate, but White has that saving move. . . .

29. R–K2 Resigns.

Queen's Indian Defense
Round 9—Hastings Challengers, 1973

White: L. Rellstab Black: D. Wright

1. P–Q4	N–KB3	3. P–KN3	B–N2
2. N–KB3	P–QN3	4. B–N2	P–K3
5. O–O	B–K2	10. N–K	BxB
6. P–B4	O–O	11. NxB	B–B3
7. N–B3	N–K5	12. B–N2	P–QR4
8. NxN	BxN	13. R–N	
9. P–N3	P–KB4		

Preferable is 13. Q–B2, followed by QR–Q and the centralization of the N.

13. . . .	Q–K2	19. P–QN4	N–N6
14. P–Q5	N–R3	20. Q–Q	P–B5
15. BxB	QxB	21. Q–Q3	QR–K
16. Q–Q2	N–B4	22. QR–Q	P–Q3
17. P–B3	P–K4	23. P–N4	P–KN4
18. P–QR3	P–R5	24. K–B2	

Seeking an opportunity to play R–KR, followed by P–KR4 and a King's side counterattack.

24. . . .	R–K2	31. Q–B	Q–N2
25. P–R4	P–K5!	32. R–R3	R–KB
26. PxKP	R(B)–K	33. Q–K2	R–B4
27. K–N	RxP	34. K–R	R(B4)–N4
28. P–K3	P–B6	35. N–B4	R–N6
29. PxP	QxP	36. RxR	RxR
30. RxP	RxNP	37. Q–R5!	

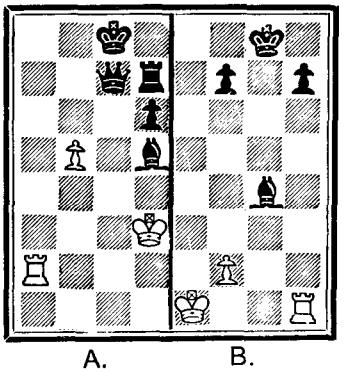
With tenacity, White has managed to hold the position and now, with this move, hits at Black's weaknesses. If 37. . . . RxP; 38. R–KN, R–N6; 39. Q–K8ch.

37. . . .	Q–B2	39. K–R2	Q–B3
38. Q–R4	R–N3	40. NxR	Resigns

FAIRFIELD W. HOBAN

Primer on Chess: No. 17

One of the most devastating weapons available to the chess tactician is the pin. Used properly, it will immobilize even the most powerful of the opponent's pieces just as effectively as an airplane hijacker can freeze an entire planeload of people if he seizes a stewardess or child for his hostage. A pin comes about when two pieces are lined up on a file or a diagonal, so that one, in effect, is a shield for the other. Now, if the first is attacked by a Queen, Rook, or Bishop, it can't move without subjecting the second piece to the same attack. When the piece that is shielded is a King, the protecting piece cannot legally move; the King cannot be placed in check. Set up the pieces as in Diagram A.



A. B.

Because it is Black's move, the Black Knight can take the White pawn on B4; but then White can play R–QB and the Knight is pinned to his King. It can't be moved because that would subject the Black King to a check by the Rook. Since, in our example, it can't be defended, the Knight is lost. Notice, however, that if the White King is on Q2 instead of on Q, the situation is different; now Black takes the pawn with a check. White must move his King out of check and doesn't have time to pin the Knight before it can retreat to safety.

Now consider the situation in Diagram B. Again, it is Black's move. If Black plays . . . NxP; R–B3, pinning the Knight to the King. But now Black has the last laugh with . . . B–K5, *pinning the White Rook to the White King.*

Although in both these instances, the Kings were in line with the pieces that became pinned, pins are effective in any situation where the piece that is attacked cannot move without exposing his side to a greater calamity, such as the loss of a Queen, Rook, or minor piece, or even the ultimate—checkmate.

F.W.H.

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Music

BIZET, BERLIOZ, AND OPERA COMIQUE

by Robert Craft

That the performance of the Metropolitan Opera's new *Carmen* on Deutsche Grammophon (2809043) does not fulfill the greatest expectations for it is partly a natural consequence of the recording process itself. "Patchwork" seems a more accurate description than "performance." The opera was recorded in ten sessions and pieced together from 261 takes, none of them, in final form, as long as an aria. So much for continuity, even of a mechanical kind. As for larger questions, such as the esthetics that this electronic tyranny imposes and the price it exacts in individuality and personality, these lead to some vertiginous conclusions.

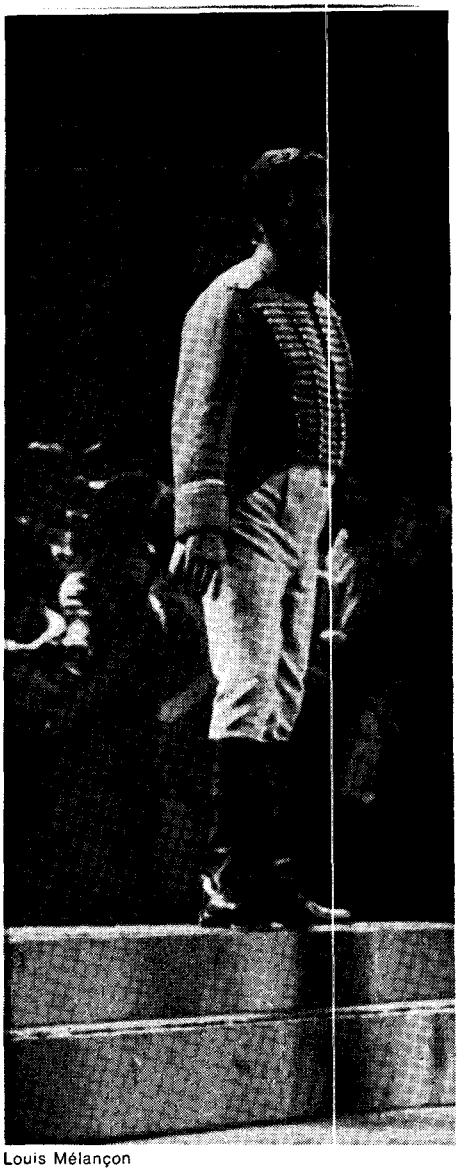
The logistic requirements of taping a full-length opera are formidable. A scene is begun one day and resumed several days later, or recorded complete in a single session, only to be corrected later with a dozen inserts. Since the speeds, the sound levels, and the balances of these different takes do not match, they must be made to do so artificially, by flooding the splices with canned echo. And, as always, the technical problems are minute compared with the human ones. The Don José may be in better equilibrium next Tuesday on take six than he was last Friday on take five—when, in addition, the microphone placement was slightly different. In short, contexts are indispensable; and though the worn-and-torn, end-of-season performance of the opera in an opera house may be perfunctory, it is a *performance*, and the embers of the drama, fanned by the bellows of even the weariest singers, will still generate heat. A take that starts cold in the middle of a scene, on the other hand, could hardly be expected to kindle any warmth.

That this recorded "performance" wins a bronze rather than a gold medal may also be blamed on the cast. For the first time in my experience of the opera (which includes conducting it), Escamillo's entrance is unexciting, no doubt partly because his singing is so woolly. Nor is that of Micaëla consistently silken—a modest requirement since any acting talent in the role is supererogatory; compared with the dagger-flashing violence of the other characters, Micaëla is in danger of expiring from nothing more terrible than an overdose of poise. But the Carmen, who *is* vocally capable, has limited the character by portraying only one aspect of it, emphasizing the venality and vulgarity. (Her tone might be indicated if her rebuff to Don José were translated into the vernacular: "bug off" or "get lost.") The glamorization of the heroine's "easy virtue," incidentally, contributed heavily to the initial failure of the opera, for Carmen shocked her first critics, just as decades later Lulu shocked hers. Not that this interpretation of the role is illegitimate; but the exclusively low-life view of the immortal gypsy robs her of her grandeur, reduces the mystery of her fatalism, and cheapens the concept of her freedom.

THE PERFORMANCE is an argument for opera in English—or at least for *Carmen* in French. The language used here, polyglot American-French, is less distracting in the arias and ensembles than in the spoken dialogues. The repeated "*des*" for "*de*" in the *Habañera* is especially noticeable (although the plural adventitiously fits the grammatical construction). And so is Carmen's failure to cross her *t*'s in contrast with Don José's loud and clear enunciation of *his*, often, albeit in the wrong places—"*soit*," for example, coming out as "swat." It is the unaccompanied speech, however, that brings into the glare not only mispronunciations and mistaken accentuations but also egregiously alien tempi and rhythms. Don José talks like someone out of "Gunsmoke" who has learned his lines by rote from the New Orleans schoolmistress. His spoken exchanges with Carmen at Lillas Pastia's *posada* are pure camp, a potential hit in a different branch of the entertainment industry.

Leonard Bernstein's conducting is thoughtful, controlled, immaculate, even inspired. Its shortcomings are the consequences of these very virtues, for it misses both the high passion of the opera and much of its idiomatic flavor. Part of the trouble may be that unlike *Tristan* and *Parsifal*, for instance, *Carmen* is not a "conductor's opera," at least not to the extent that Mr. Bernstein makes it one. A lesser *chef d'orchestre* would be obliged to give the singers their heads, indulging them in some of their habits, good or bad. But this might also have made for a more "natural" performance, which in turn could have heightened the drama. In sum, the conducting is admirably clean, but cleanliness is not always next to godliness. (*Mozart* is.)

"The performance uses the original spoken dialogue." Thus a *New York Times* review of the recording (April 22) that is a "Flower Song" in itself



Louis Mélançon

"Carmen"—*Act 1 of Met production w*

("The . . . page sings with aching beauty as expressive countermelodies weave sinuously in and out . . ."). Actually only a small part of the original dialogue is used—mercifully, so far as this production is concerned. The complete original would have added another half-hour, though it would also have enlarged our picture of Carmen (and, incidentally, justified a plump singer in the role, for the excised dialogue reveals that the heroine had a voracious appetite). Mr. Bernstein has restored a few passages of Bizet's music but curiously *not* the most substantial of them, the expansion of the duel scene in Act 3; the composer's full score of this was lost, but his piano version has been competently orchestrated by others.

The recording is "super": opulent in sound, clear, and so close that if tambourines and castanets had contagious diseases, the listener would certainly contract them. The book accompanying the record flatters the buyer by giving the first page of the commentary in English, the second in French, the third in German. One expects the for-

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rilyn Horne (center) in title role and James McCracken (right) as Don José.

eign-language texts simply to translate the English, as they do in the case of a companion article, "Carmen and the Met," yet all three contain different information. The color photographs are more numerous than those in most monographs on Leonardo da Vinci, and the cost of the album, if manufactured in America, would probably have been as high *without* the records. But the budget for the project has already been widely publicized, often with the implication that $300,000 is too much to spend on still another edition of a permanent best-seller. Experience should have taught that this money would otherwise have gone to a worse cause rather than to a better one, however, and besides, the criticism ill-becomes us, Deutsche Grammophon having done as much to bolster our failing musical economy as have any of the pump-priming foundations.

To GO FROM the most popular to one of the least known of great French operas, the new Philips recording of *Benvenuto Cellini* (6707-019) is the revelation of a musical masterpiece. Whatever its merits and demerits as a dramatic composition, the score is among the richest and most original of any opera of the time. (This is not to say that *Carmen* is *un*original—its repeatability is proof of its originality—but an opera that few people avoid hearing at least once between the cradle and the urn cannot compete in this regard with a fresh discovery.) The music of *Cellini* is in fact almost bewilderingly inventive. Skeptics of Berlioz's melodic gifts not disposed to accept my high evaluation of them as displayed in this opera should turn to the duet between Teresa and Ascanio (with a monotone litany in the background, ingeniously imitated in the timpani). In rhythm, Berlioz invades the twentieth century, at least in one passage, the orchestral accompaniment to Fieramosco's shadow swordsmanship: the meters here are 7, 7, 6, 6, 5, 5, 5, 5. Novelties of instrumental usage abound not unexpectedly in Berlioz, and at least one of them, the obbligato for ophicleide (tuba) in Pasquarello's *Cavatina*, would have delighted the composer of the bombardon part in *Wozzeck* as well as softened the anti-Berlioz prejudice of the creator of the Bear's music in *Petrushka*.

The differences between *Cellini* and *Carmen* are more numerous than their similarities, but both have suffered from the inane division by which the French classify their operas as either *comique* or *grande*. This distinction is based not on content and genre but solely on whether the dialogue is spoken or sung. The first productions of both operas, having used the spoken form, were originally *opéras comiques*. Later in their careers they were fitted out with recitatives and hence converted to "*grande*," only to be restored by purists, still later, to "*comique*." (The *Cellini* recording, like the *Carmen*, has spoken dialogue.) But here comparison ends, for apart from this history, and a surface similarity in exploiting local color, most other resemblances between the operas are factitious.

Some of the neglect of *Cellini* is due to problems of dramaturgical arrangement arising from discrepancies between the original (1838) and revised (1852) versions. Since the recorded performance collates these two, and since the only available orchestra score is that of the revised edition (vol. 24 of the *Complete Works*), score readers must consult the album notes for an explanation of the sequence of pieces (or a new book, *The Music of Berlioz* by A. E. F. Dickenson). The strongest criticism of the opera is that the individual numbers *could* be shuffled about in the first place, and that musical and dramatic succession are therefore less than vital. But Berlioz's weakness as an opera composer is this: He can create scenes complete in themselves but often fails to integrate them into a unified whole.

At least two other deficiencies must be mentioned as well: the unreliability of Berlioz's sense of theatrical timing—viz., the tavern scene, with its interminable discussion of wines drunk and of how to pay for them—and a lack of dimension in his characters. During most of the opera we are given Cellini the lover, a mere *buffo* part, instead of Cellini the artist. Until the last scene, in fact, when his statue of Perseus is finally cast, the great sculptor hardly seems to be concerned with his work, or indeed with anything other than the abduction of his girl friend, Teresa.

Yet these weaknesses of the work in the theater should deter no one, both because the catalogue of musical highlights is so full and because American audiences are unlikely to see a staging anyway. But if that opportunity should ever arise, their wisest attitude, it seems to me, would be that of the character Pope Clement VII in the opera itself: "*A tous péchés, pleine indulgences.*" □

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TWO MUSICAL RIDDLES RESOLVED (PARTIALLY)

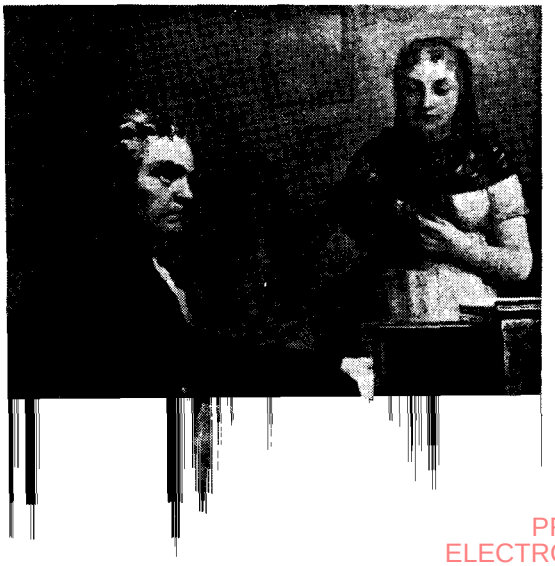
by Irving Kolodin

Like any art that has endured over centuries, music has its share of oddities, curiosities, and mysteries. They may not be equated with the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy or with the question of who painted which of Vermeer's masterpieces; but there are those who ponder, still, the identity of Beethoven's "Immortal Beloved" and others who won't rest content until everything about Elgar's Variations on an Original Theme (Enigma) has been clarified.

By a strange coincidence, each of these riddles has lately been subject to re-examination and the introduction of new evidence. In a recent issue of *The Musical Quarterly*, Maynard Solomon, musicologist as well as cofounder of Vanguard Records, published an article entitled "New Light on Beethoven's Letter to an Unknown Woman." In the first issue of *Music and Letters* for 1973, Ian Parrott, author of the biography of Elgar in the Master Musicians series, addressed himself to the subject in an article entitled "Elgar's Two-fold Enigma: A Religious Sequel." A digest of what these articles contain will show that deduction and induction are still fascinating forms of intellectual occupation.

Beethoven—*"The identity of his 'Immortal Beloved' subject to re-examination."*

Bettmann Archive



Beethoven's Letter to an Unknown Woman was found after his death—along with some other valuable documents—in a hidden drawer of his desk. The unknown object of his passionate prose is commonly called the Immortal Beloved because the composer extolled her as his *unsterbliche geliebte*, which lends itself to that translation (Emily Anderson, the compiler of the most extensive collection of his letters in English, preferred to render it as the "Eternally Beloved").

In the haste of composition, Beethoven omitted not only the name of the addressee but also the year in which the letter was written. Over decades, several incontestable conclusions have become generally accepted: The year has been pinned down to 1812, through some collateral documents on weather, road conditions, etc.; the woman was someone he knew well in Vienna and would soon see in Prague and at the Bohemian spa of Karlsbad. Needless to say, diligent researchers have exhausted the police records of visitors to Karlsbad during the July days in question, and a number of women—and their families—known to Beethoven have been identified. None, however, have filled all the other requirements for absolute identification as the Immortal Beloved.

Solomon's nominee is a name previously cited in this context, but he has reasons for raising her qualifications anew. She is Antonie Brentano, whose husband was the half brother of Bettina von Arnim (her married name), well known to Goethe and Beethoven. Solomon's reason for putting her back in the running is a cogent one: He has discovered an entry in a Prague newspaper for early July 1812 establishing the presence there of "'Hr. Brentano Kaufman (merchant) von Wien" and family. Says Solomon: "This constitutes the first time in the voluminous researches on Beethoven's 'Immortal Beloved' that any of the women under consideration have been proven to have been present in Prague at precisely the same time that Beethoven himself was there."

Spurred by the hot scent of a new trail, Solomon has rooted into the riddle afresh and come up with answers to two key references of Beethoven that are more satisfying than any previously advanced. In a diary bearing on the same period as the letter, Beethoven entered the coded comment, "In this way with A., everything goes to ruin." And in another he wrote, "Regarding T., nothing is left but to trust in God; never go where weakness might lead to do wrong. . . ." Clearly, says Solomon, A. is Antonie, and, he shrewdly proposes, so is T.; Frau Brentano was familiarly known to her friends, including Beethoven (there is written proof of this), as Tonie.

Of the additional involvements of Beethoven and Antonie Brentano adduced by Solomon, some are less persuasive, even farfetched. But one long-known *fact* has a resounding ring of affirmation to support Solomon's contention: It was to Antonie Brentano, long after the infatuation reflected in the letter of 1812 had passed, that Beethoven dedicated what is by common consent the greatest of his compositions for piano, the 33 *Variations on a Waltz* by Diabelli.

PARROTT'S COMMENTS on the Elgarian mysteries are, of course, related to the composer's fondness for banter, for semantic antics, for word play, and for purposeful concealments of meaning within meaning, rather than to anything profoundly emotional. Yet there is emotion in the famous "portraits" of his friends that make up the Variations and in his statement:

> The enigma I will not explain—its "dark saying" must be left unguessed, and I warn you that the apparent connection between the Variations and the theme is often of the slightest texture: further, through and over the whole set another larger theme "goes" but is not played. . . .

The first enigma—the identity of the friends Elgar denoted only by initials—has long since been clarified. The reference to its "dark saying" is somewhat more obscure. Parrott interprets it as a paraphrase of 1 Cor. 13:12 in the Vulgate version. He cites a 1534 translation reading: "Now we *se* glasse even in a darke speakynge: but then we shall *se* face to face." This would have a parallel in Elgar's reflection, mirrorlike, of his friends in music.

As to the "larger theme," Parrott opts for a Bach phrase, "a series of notes such as is found in the Variation G.R.S." Here Elgar depicts a friend who played the organ in the church of Hereford and was "noted for his impeccable pedaling." He traces this allusion into several contexts of the Variations that will mentally recur when next the work is played within my hearing. I shall also bear in mind Parrott's interpretation of a hitherto obscure phrase in one of Elgar's letters to his friend and editor, August Johannes Jaeger, in which the composer says he "had looked at the theme through the personality of another Johnny." That other "Johnny," says Parrott, is none other than *Johannes* Sebastian Bach.

If neither Solomon nor Parrott has put into print all one would want to know on these subjects, both have demonstrated the validity of the contention that there are no unanswerable questions, only unanswered ones. The next round of researchers will be the richer for their efforts, as present readers already are. □

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(**LETTERS:** *continued from page 14.*) ments might be exposed, it was deemed prudent by those on the scene to have the tenants stay somewhere else.

On arriving at the scene, I found that the company had prepared a recovery plan and had obtained lead bricks from the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission's New York Operations Office to implement the plan. With the fine and courageous cooperation of the New York City Police Emergency Squad, the company staff lifted the source assembly from the garbage pail, placed it into the temporary shield on the rear of the Police Department's bomb truck, and removed it from the scene. The recovery operation took only about twenty seconds. Monitoring devices showed that, except for the company staff, no one received a radiation exposure in excess of limits set for the general public. Even the company staff received exposures that were within standards for radiation workers. This was our principal objective in recovering the source, and it was achieved.

With regard to specific items in the article, the source was not really lost but merely jammed in its guide tube. Dental X-rays are not dismissed by this office as not being dangerous, although we appreciate their great diagnostic benefits. We regulate and inspect dental X-ray installations and apply the same shielding requirements for such installations as for any other X-ray source.

The Iridium–192 was not at the bottom of the street excavation when the area was roped off. Had it been, the control problem would have been easier, but the recovery operation might have been more difficult. In retrospect, the company staff might better have left the entire source assembly down in the pit, covered it over with dirt and sand, and planned a recovery operation for the next day, permitting traffic to move freely on First Avenue and residents to stay in their apartments. However, once the source was at street level there was a serious gamma field penetrating and reaching over some distance.

The determination that the hazard reached only to those apartments was made on the basis of measurements in those apartments with radiation detection instruments initially on hand. As my staff and radiation physicists responded to the emergency announcements broadcast over local radio, more sophisticated instruments showed a few more apartments that exceeded our non-controlled area standards, and these were also temporarily vacated. I personally guided tenants around the higher radiation fields and moved them rapidly through those areas that could not be avoided. As a general policy, we discouraged persons from passing through the area as much as possible, and then only with escorts who could monitor the radiation fields. Tenants who were temporarily evacuated were advised to stay with a neighbor until the recovery was completed.

The source was brought up to the sidewalk level around 5:00 P.M. First Avenue was closed to traffic (one-way, northbound) primarily to give room to the recovery team, to keep pedestrians and vehicles from the immediate scene, and to allow supporting personnel freedom to make radiation measurements. The side streets were closed off only at the distances necessary to reach the 2 millirem in any hour limit—which in this case was up to 100 yards.

Mr. Ciardi does the New York City Police Department a severe injustice in suggesting that "a more rational police commander . . . might have phoned . . . to get an exact calculation of the danger. . . ." Based on the data provided by the radio reports (which were very accurate, by the way), I was able to calculate the degree of gamma-radiation hazard from a 38–Curie Iridium–192 source: It gave approximately 20,000 millirem per hour at one yard, hence not a minor problem.

While his concern for hysteria is properly expressed, would he please make every effort to correct his erroneous scientific advice and overreaction to the proper decisions made by all concerned regarding the action by the police and by others who came out voluntarily to effect recovery? To our knowledge, it was the most potent radioactive source ever in trouble in New York City, and its control and recovery should have invited his congratulations.

Saul J. Harris
Director
Office of Radiation
Department of Health
New York, New York

John Ciardi replies:

Mr. Harris would, understandably, defend his actions. My information, contradictory to his, came from a highly competent scientist. I also cite the fact that the engineer in charge of the project must have known exactly what he was working with and was unequivocal in saying there was no danger. I have no expertise in this matter and have leaned on those who have a reasonable expertise. The scientists will have to fight this out on their own.

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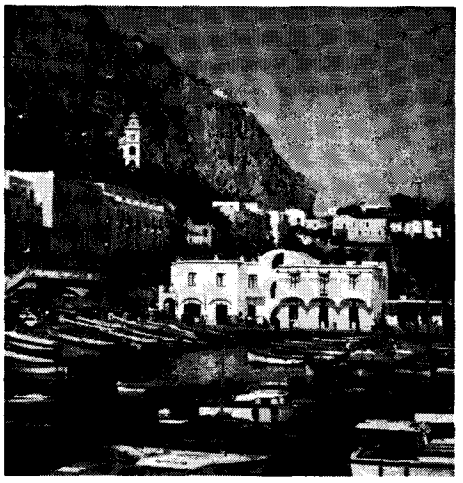

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Pleonasms and Redundancies

On May 23, Sen. Hugh Scott was asked what he thought of the possibility of the President's being impeached as a result of the skulduggery at the Watergate. Senator Scott replied, "We don't deal in the incredible and the unbelievable."

When I heard this reported on the radio, a little flag labeled Redundancy sprang up in my mind with pedantic precision. The Redundancy flag didn't involve any sense of irritation. This particular redundancy is so common, at least in my experience, that far from holding it as anything like a pet peeve, I've come to regard it as an old friend. Usually (though not, I think, in Senator Scott's case) it's used in attempting to express something so out-of-the-ordinary that words fail, while loquacity doesn't: "What a backhand! It was really incredible! It was so incredible you could hardly believe it!" Hyperbole is the norm these days, as in, "How's the hamburger?" "Superb!"

When I hear "It's so incredible, it's unbelievable!" I have a little trouble believing how incredible it is, and I let it go at that.

I have some favorite redundancies. I think it was in *The Count of Monte Cristo* that Robert Donat's final line, spoken directly to the camera, was something about how the enemies of Monte Cristo had been brought low by those two fatal flaws in their characters—dramatic pause—"Avarice . . . and Greed!" Identical twins, you might say.

I used to like the way Wyatt Earp, as portrayed on television by Hugh O'Brian, was glorified as "brave, courageous, and bold" in the show's theme song. The song didn't mention it, but I guess we all noticed that he was also valiant, intrepid, and plucky.

THE REDUNDANCY of the Wyatt Earp song was the result of a need for syllables to go with a certain number of beats and a lack of inventiveness on the part of the lyricist, but Senator Scott's redundancy and Monte Cristo's redundancy are both caused by a natural liking for couples. I see the same phenomenon in my daily life. A typical domestic conversation might go like this:

Self: I'm going to the store.
Wife: Good. We need two things.
Self: What?
Wife: Coffee.
Self: What else?
Wife: I can't remember.

The fact is, of course, that we needed only one thing, but it sounds better to say "We need two things," just as Senator Scott must have felt there were tw things he didn't deal in, and Mont Cristo felt his enemies had two fata flaws. One is just too lonely.

I think I must have been about nin or ten years old and already an inveterat label-and-cereal-box reader when I wa deeply impressed by what used to be th Squibb Company's slogan: "The price less ingredient of every product is th honor and integrity of its maker." I mus have read that on either a toothpast tube or a bottle of milk of magnesia. Al I know for sure is that I was standin at the washbasin in the bathroom and thought this saying was one of the mos profound and beautiful sentiments I' ever encountered. I whispered it to my self several times until I'd committed i to memory: "The priceless ingredient o every product is the honor and integrit of its maker."

It was several years before it occurre to me that, in this sentence at least *honor* and *integrity* mean the same thing Each word has several meanings, o course, but what is clearly intended her for both is "probity, uprightness, adher ence to moral principles." *Honor* an *integrity:* words that are brave, coura geous, and bold.

OBVIOUSLY, the point is that in man cases a little redundancy is not such a bad thing. That slogan has stuck in m mind for all these decades, unforgettabl as "Don't give up the ship," "Don't fir until you see the whites of their eyes,' "Remember the Alamo," and "Don' tread on me." If they'd left out either *honor* or *integrity,* they'd have avoided the redundancy, but it wouldn't have had the august ring that so impressed m young mind.

Suppose, at the end of *The Count o Monte Cristo,* Robert Donat had wrapped things up by enumerating his enemies' *one* flaw: "Greed." What kind of dead-end enumeration would that have been? It would have been another of the cinema's millions of forgettable lines.

If, when Senator Scott was asked about the possibility of impeachment, he'd replied simply, "We don't deal in the incredible," it wouldn't have triggered these thoughts; it would merely have established the senator's incredibility gap. It would have been remarkable only as an unbelievable indication that Senator Scott considers impeachment incredible.

I can hardly believe it.

THOMAS H. MIDDLETON

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Double-Gram No. 28

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 P	2 O	3 Z¹	4 R	5 D		6 W	7 T	8 B		9 I	10 Q	11 V	12 E	13 W	14 O	15 Z¹	16 Z
17 R	18 F		19 K	20 M	21 D	22 B	23 X	24 C	25 Z¹	26 T	27 W	28 R	29 G		30 Z	31 A	32 N
33 Q		34 V	35 D	36 I	37 L	38 C	39 Z		40 X	41 K	42 A		43 F	44 R	45 G	46 S	47 Z¹
48 V	49 U	50 Q	51 P		52 Z	53 T	54 C	55 O	56 A	57 V	58 L	59 W	60 Z¹	61 F		62 I	63 T
64 Y		65 K	66 Z¹	67 P	68 F		69 U	70 I	71 T	72 J		73 L	74 M	75 W	76 A		77 C
78 X		79 X	80 J		81 O	82 F	83 Y	84 N	85 G	86 P	87 U	88 C	89 R	90 K	91 T	92 Q	93 V
94 M		95 B	96 F	97 I	98 R	99 Z		100 D	101 V	102 C	103 Y		104 Y	105 B	106 F	107 P	108 A
109 O	110 G	111 I	112 E	113 Q		114 K	115 V	116 M	117 H	118 G	119 T	_	120 N	121 Z¹	122 R	123 S	124 B
125 O	126 Y		127 Q	128 A	129 K	130 X		131 P	132 E	133 T	134 Z¹	135 C	136 G	137 L	138 H	139 M	140 Z¹
	141 U	142 E	143 Y	144 V		145 S	146 J	147 X		148 J	149 C	150 G	151 Z¹		152 X	153 Z	154 W
155 K	156 O		157 Y	158 S		159 L	160 K	161 H	162 Q	163 T	164 J	165 M	166 I	167 Y	168 G		169 X
170 C		171 L	172 W	173 B		174 K	175 R	176 T	177 Z¹	178 H		179 J	180 S	181 X	182 D		183 U
184 H	185 L	186 Z	187 Z¹		188 E	189 B	190 Z¹		191 U	192 H	193 M	194 S		195 D	196 L	197 T	198 J
199 N	200 Q	201 O	202 K	203 Z	204 G		205 O	206 I	207 F	208 Y		209 Y	210 S	211 V	212 J		

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and also write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right hand corners of the squares indicate what WORD a particular square's letter comes from.

The diagram, when filled in, will read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram, so that you can work back and forth from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Type of shelter (comp.)	31 42 56 76 108 128
B. Inform	189 22 95 105 124 173 8
C. Absolution	24 38 54 77 88 102 135 149 170
D. Cheerless	182 195 5 21 35 100
E. Snare	112 132 142 188 12
F. Able to bear up under hardship, misfortune, etc.	18 43 82 96 106 207 61 68
G. Tending to rise again	85 118 136 150 168 204 29 45 110
H. "Jocund day/ Stands ___ on the misty mountain tops," says Romeo	117 138 161 178 184 192
I. Great gaiety; mirthfulness	206 9 36 70 97 111 166 62
J. Something outrageous or heinous, as an offense	72 80 146 164 179 198 212 148
K. Psychoanalyst, author of *Man for Himself, Escape From Freedom*, et al. (full name)	155 174 202 19 41 114 129 160 65 90
L. Peasantlike; rude, surly	159 171 185 196 37 58 73 137
M. Period of time during which a group meets to pursue an activity	193 74 94 116 165 20 139
N. Hardy heroine	199 84 120 32

CLUES	WORDS
O. Natural aversion or habitual dislike	81 125 201 14 55 109 205 2 156
P. Restricts	51 86 107 131 1 67
Q. Boy friend, sweetheart, fiancé (2 wds.)	162 33 50 92 113 127 200 10
R. Large floodlight having a single bulb	44 122 175 28 89 4 17 98
S. Ill-considered	145 158 46 123 180 194 210
T. Elaborated to excess	53 71 91 119 163 197 63 133 176 7 26
U. Former, erstwhile	183 69 87 191 49 141
V. Uproot	144 57 211 11 48 34 115 93 101
W. Knee-slappers, pips, beauts	154 172 13 6 27 75 59
X. Italian poet, novelist, and critic (1876–1944), founder of futurism, leading fascist	152 23 147 79 181 130 40 78 169
Y. Steady, unremitting	64 208 103 209 167 143 83 104 157 126
Z. Inflexible, unbreakable	16 99 153 203 52 186 30 39
Z¹. Crude, but suitable for the purpose; lacking delicacy, but forthright and vigorous (comp.)	151 60 66 140 177 3 15 187 134 121 25 47 190

(Answer to Double-Gram No. 27 appears on page 14.)

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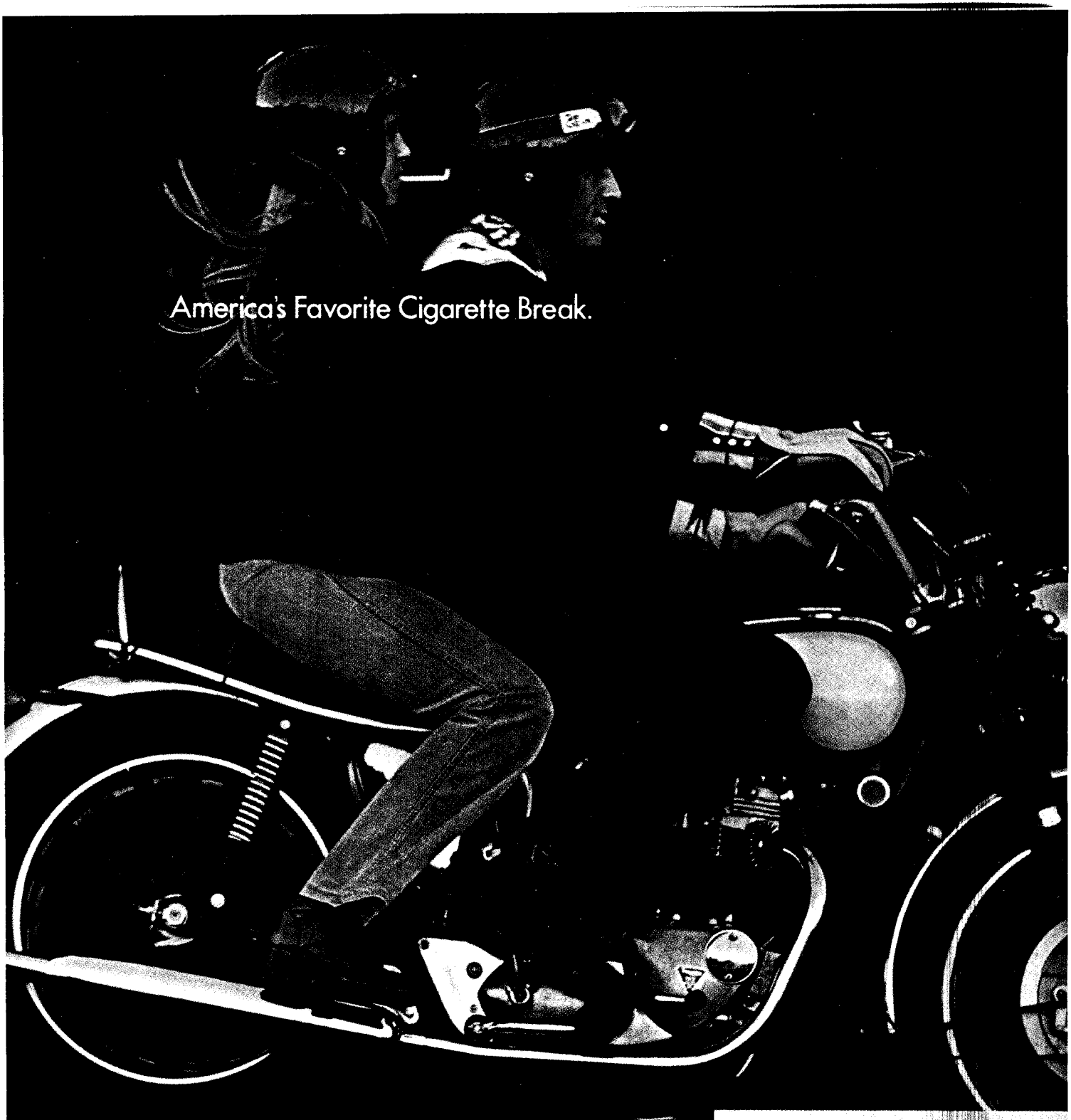

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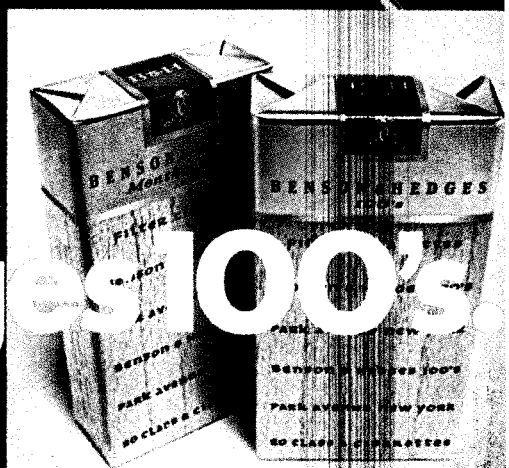

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